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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fiftieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Maccabees—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 8878, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Bruce Butterton, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss B. M. Casey, President; Miss B. M. Danahy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Harry L. Burbidge, Master Workman; Perry B. Dawley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALBONE LODGE, No. 93, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittie G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—David Davis, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett I. Gorton, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 163—Robert B. Munroe, chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening City Clerk F. N. Fullerton announced that he had appointed Cornelius W. R. Callahan deputy city clerk. There was a long discussion over the petition of the Old Colony Street Railway Company for permission to erect a pole on Hawthorne street. Alderman Boyle opposed the petition but the other members of the board were in favor of it as the pole seemed to be necessary in order to give proper service in that vicinity. There was also a discussion as to the necessity of lighting the wharf at the New York Yacht Club Station and it was voted to have the light turned on again.

Alderman Cottrell reported that for polling places in the fourth and fifth wards the city could hire a store in the Father Matthews building and a store in the A. O. H. building, each for $50. It was voted to engage these places. The bonds of City Clerk Fullerton were accepted, and the regular weekly payrolls were approved.

The Union Trust Company of Providence has closed its doors and Cornelius A. Sweetland has been appointed temporary receiver. The bank did not open for business on Friday, following the run of the previous day, as the management thought best not to sacrifice the assets to postpone for a day or two the temporary suspension. This is the bank in which Marsden J. Perry is largely interested and the depositors were apparently alarmed at the relations that existed with the New York trust institutions. It is believed that the depositors will receive the full amount of their deposits.

The dinner committee of the Young Men's Republican Club has fixed upon Monday evening, November 4, as the date for their fourth annual dinner. This will be the evening before the election and it is expected that there will be a large attendance. Good speakers will be present. The tickets are only fifty cents each and can be obtained of members of the committee.

Mr. Earl Simmons is at Saranac Lake, N. Y., for the benefit of his health, having been obliged to abandon his company, which was in Pennsylvania playing a successful engagement.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, Jr., left for Long Island the past week.

Receivers for Fisheries Co.

The Fisheries Company of New Jersey, which controls the Tiverton Menhaden fishing vessels formerly owned by the Church Brothers, has been declared insolvent and receivers have been appointed by the United States Court. William P. Sheffield of this city and O. J. Delaney of New Jersey are named as temporary receivers. This action was taken on the petition of a Pennsylvania man, and October 28 is fixed as the date for hearing on the matter of permanent receivership.

The petitioner states that the company has the following indebtedness: Bills payable to banks, $195,000; bills payable to individuals, $49,000; accounts payable, $86,000; bonus due to crews of vessels, $21,000; bonus due to captains of vessels, $13,000; insurance premiums, $11,500; wages, $45,000; being a total of $432,500.

The petition states that bills payable to banks include a note held by the Hanover National Bank of the city of New York of $25,000, due October 11, and remaining unpaid, and a note held by the Franklin National Bank of the city of Philadelphia for $12,500, due October 21, that all bills payable will fall due within the next three months and that the Fisheries Company has no cash or other assets wherewith to pay or satisfy the same.

In addition to the above liabilities the petitioner asserts that all the property, real and personal, including vessels and fishing paraphernalia, factory buildings, machinery and appliance, are subject to a first mortgage for $500,000, dated January 1, 1906, and held by the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, to secure an issue of bonds of like amount, of which there is now issued and outstanding bonds of the par value of $493,000.

Killed by a Fall.

Dennis Casey, a gardener, boarding with Patrick Sheehan on West Broadway, received fatal injuries by falling down the stairs at his boarding place last Saturday night, death resulting at the Newport Hospital within a few hours. He had been out on the street in the early evening and after his return home the occupants of Sheehan's saloon were startled to hear the sound of a heavy fall down the stairway. They rushed out and brought the injured man in, sending for medical assistance immediately. Although partially conscious when first found he quickly lapsed into insensibility and died within a few hours after being admitted to the hospital. He was about 37 years old.

Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt has this week been made slightly richer by coming into possession of one-half of the residuary estate left by his father. The amount thus acquired by him is estimated at $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 and an equal amount will be coming to him five years hence. Up to this time he has been enjoying merely the interest of this amount, the principal being held in trust under the will. Of the large amount left as a residuary bequest by his father one-half was to be delivered over to him when he reached the age of thirty years and the balance when he reached the age of thirty-five years.

Before another season opens, the appearance of Bailey's Beach, the fashionable society bathing place, will be changed very materially. A fine grass lawn will be constructed at the back of the beach and the roadway to the water will be changed.

Professor William Carey Poland of Brown University delivered an interesting lecture before the Current Topics Club on Wednesday afternoon, his topic being "Greek Sculpture," illustrated by stereopticon views.

The bakers of this city have been considering the advisability of raising the price of bread to make up for the sudden rise in the cost of flour which has gone up one dollar per barrel.

Mr. George W. Ritchie has been elected chairman of the Republican city committee, Mr. George N. Buckhout secretary and Mr. Edward A. Sherman treasurer.

A supper for the benefit of the Old Ladies' Home was given at St. John's Guild Hall on Thursday evening. The attendance was very large and a goodly sum was realized.

Mrs. Vanderbilt, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, and her fiance went to New York on Friday. They will spend a short time at the Webb residence in Vermont.

Grand Regent Norman H. Choney and officers of the Grand Council paid a visit to Coronet Council, No. 63, Royal Arcanum, on Friday evening.

Mr. Orin M. Alger has accepted a position as clerk in the bureau of navigation of the Navy Department at Washington.

Wedding Bells.

Forcade-Fournier.

Miss Emma Senevile Fournier of this city and Mr. Edward Forcade of Mobile, Alabama, were quietly married at St. Joseph's Church on Tuesday. The bride wore a dress of champagne crepe de Paris made over silk and wore a veil caught up with orange blossoms. Her bouquet was of Bride roses. Miss Mary Fournier, a sister of the bride, was the bridesmaid. She wore a dress of light blue cashmere and a white picture hat. She carried a bouquet of carnations.

A wedding breakfast and reception followed at the home of the bride on Elm street, where the wedding gifts were shown to all present. Mr. and Mrs. Forcade left in the afternoon for Canada where they will spend their honeymoon.

State Sanatorium.

The list of medical examiners for the State Sanatorium from Newport city and county is as follows:

Newport—Dr. C. F. Barker, 32 Bull street; Dr. Henry Ecroyd, 106 Touro street; Dr. M. F. Wheatland, 84 John street. Jamestown—Dr. E. C. Bullard. Little Compton—Dr. Thomas J. Brennan.

The trustees are as follows: Rowland G. Hazard, John C. Pegram, William H. Peters, M. D., Secretary; J. Truman Burdick, Henry E. Nugent.

There are at present 100 patients at the sanatorium, but more can be accommodated.

Mr. Joel Peckham of Middletown, whose term of office as collector of taxes of that town has just expired, has established a record that can probably be equalled by no other in the State and can certainly be excelled by none anywhere, for it is perfect. Before turning over his books to the town he succeeded in collecting every dollar of the tax assessment of the town, not only for the past year but for preceeding years as well, so that today there is not one dollar due the town for unpaid taxes. As many of the property owners of the town are non-residents, some living as far away as California and Florida, this is a really remarkable record. Mr. Peckham has served for sixteen years as tax collector and during that time has performed every duty with promptness and accuracy and at the same time has shown the utmost courtesy to those with whom he came in contact. His retirement from this important office has been looked upon with regret by many residents of the town.

The first rally of the campaign was held at the large hall in the Realty Building on Washington square Friday evening. Among the speakers were Lieutenant Governor Frederick H. Jackson, nominee for governor; Congressman Adin B. Capron, Senator Walter R. Stiness of Warwick, Senator John P. Sanborn and Representative Clark Burdick.

The late City Clerk was a member of Malbone Lodge, No. 93, New England Order of Protection, in which order he had insurance amounting to $3000. This sum was paid to his family last Monday, in one week from the date of the funeral. This was certainly prompt payment.

Miss Christine June Fraser and Mr. John Thomas McQueen were quietly married at the residence of Rev. Dr. Aquilla Webb on Broadway Wednesday morning, and left on the 1 o'clock train on their wedding trip.

News was received in this city of the death of Mrs. Getts, wife of Sergeant Getts, U. S. A., in the Philippines. Mrs. Getts resided here for many years and had many friends in this city.

News of the death of Mr. James E. Applegate in Freehold, N. J., was received the past week. Mr. Applegate was the father of Mrs. Francis Burdick, of this city.

Miss Clara Merritt of the MERCURY has returned from a two weeks' vacation, which she spent with relatives in Wickford, R. I.

The Men's Club of St. George's Church held a supper in the parish house on Wednesday evening, with a large attendance.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly and Miss Ruth Twombly at "The Breakers."

Miss Ethel K. Sims-Nowell and Miss Harriet Cottrell have returned from Europe, where they spent the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Albro leave tomorrow night for New York en route to California, where they will reside.

Miss Nettie P. Harvey is guest of Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Marvel in Fall River.

Rev. Aquilla Webb, Ph. D., has been visiting in New York the past week.

Recent Deaths.

Dr. Frederick Bradley.

Dr. Frederick Bradley died at his home on High street on Wednesday after a long illness. He had been suffering for about two years and although at one time he had so far recovered as to be able to attend to his practice occasionally, it was realized that there was no permanent improvement. He had been away for treatment lately but a few days ago his condition became so alarming that he was brought home to end his days.

Dr. Bradley was one of the most highly respected citizens of Newport. A man of innate culture and refinement, he took a deep interest in literature, music, and education, and was active in his encouragement of such pursuits in others. Expert in his profession he served for many years as an instructor in the Harvard Dental College, where he was highly esteemed by faculty and students. He was selected by his fellow citizens to represent them on the school board and also held office in organizations for intellectual development. In politics he was a Republican and worked conscientiously and consistently for the best good of the city. His was a very friendly nature, warm-hearted in the extreme, and although he was fond of his books and reading, he was also fond of the larger lessons that could be learned by mingling with his fellowmen.

Dr. Bradley was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1849, but the most of his life had been spent in Newport. Coming to this country as a young boy, he first found employment in a woolen mill in Massachusetts but afterward studied dentistry at Harvard, graduating from that institution in 1886. For a time he was associated in practice with his brother, Dr. Thomas Bradley, but afterward built up a practice of his own in which he was very successful. He had been a resident of Newport since 1887.

For 13 years he was associated with the Harvard Dental School in the capacity of instructor. He was a former president of the Harvard Alumni Association, of the Harvard Club of Rhode Island, of the Rhode Island Dental Society, and of the American Academy of Dental Science. He served for two terms as a member of the school committee of Newport, working actively for the betterment of the schools. He was a member of the Unity Club, of the Philharmonic Society, and was formerly a director of the Young Men's Christian Association. He was an active member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church and had occupied a number of important offices in the church. He was a past master of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. & A. M., and a member of Coronet Council, No. 63, Royal Arcanum. He is survived by a widow and two children, Dr. Frederick H. Bradley of Plymouth, Mass., and Miss Emily M. Bradley; also three brothers and one sister.

Dennis E. Murphy.

Mr. Dennis E. Murphy, better known as Captain Murphy, died at his home on lower Thames street Sunday morning after an illness of short duration. He had a large circle of friends and acquaintances throughout the city. He was a veteran of the Civil War and one of the oldest parishioners of St. Mary's Church. Three daughters survive him: Mrs. Thomas J. Boyle and Miss Julia Murphy of this city and Miss Mary Murphy, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Crandall have been receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Colburn Grammer Crandall, born in River Forest, Illinois, on October 19th. Mr. Crandall is a son of Mr. Charles Crandall of this city and was formerly a resident here.

Mr. William H. Walcott has been elected secretary of St. John's Mutual Beneficial Association, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. David Stevens.

Mr. Thomas F. Reagan has been confined to his home on Spring street since Monday by illness which seems to be of a complicated nature.

Miss Winona Sweet, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John H. Sweet, Jr., celebrated the seventh anniversary of her birth last Sunday.

The condition of Mrs. Jacob Schleith remains about the same, there having been no material change during the past week.

Mr. George R. Williams, who was landlord at the Perry House a few years ago, was a visitor here the past week.

Mrs. John V. Andersen has returned to her home in Cambridge, Mass., after an extended visit to friends in this city.

Mr. George S. Gardner is enjoying his annual vacation, which he is spending in New York.

Mr. Harold R. Chase, of the National Exchange Bank, is enjoying his annual vacation.

Superior Court.

The Superior Court began the third and last week of its October session on Monday, and has found considerable business to be transacted. The first case put on was that of Paul Shotland vs. Lewis Morris, Mr. Burdick for the plaintiff and Col. Sheffield for the defendant. Michael J. Murphy of Newport was appointed foreman of the jury and the case was begun, although the plaintiff was unable to be present in person. This was a suit to recover payment for a suit of clothes made for the defendant by the plaintiff who is a New York tailor. Most of the testimony for the plaintiff was in the form of depositions. It was claimed that Dr. Morris, who is a surgeon in the navy, ordered a suit of clothes as a rush order to be completed the following day. The plaintiff claimed that the defendant said that he would accept the responsibility of a fit. The clothes were delivered on time and were worn. Afterward they were sent back three times for alterations and the defendant finally refused to accept them on the ground that they did not fit. For the defense testimony was introduced to show that the clothes did not fit and that the plaintiff had had three opportunities to alter them. The court instructed the jury that the plaintiff was entitled to a reasonable opportunity to make alterations and in case of a rush order perhaps more time would be required than under ordinary circumstances. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for $55.

On Tuesday the case for the jury was Annie D. Davis vs. Edward L. and Eliza G. Smith, executors. This was a suit to recover for board for a period of 50 weeks of the plaintiff's father, the late Edward C. Smith. As there was an error of date in the stipulation, the testimony showing that the board furnished was one year earlier than alleged, the case was thrown out of court.

A case regarding a well occupied the attention of the court all day Wednesday. This was the case of William Astin et al vs. Henry Ibbotson et al. Plaintiffs claimed that they had a right to use the well of defendants under agreement, paying therefor one dollar a year on demand. They claimed that defendant boarded up the well and would no longer allow them to use it and they were therefore put to the expense of digging a well of their own. For the defense it was claimed that the rent was not paid and the plaintiffs kept themselves out by constructing a fence on their own property. The jury was called out for several hours, and returned to the court for a further reading of the evidence. The verdict was for the plaintiff for $30.

Walker Bros. vs. A. Reynolds was the case for trial on Thursday. This was a Tiverton case to recover on book account for a grocery and meat market. The defendant was a married woman who kept a boarding house and the question in dispute was as to whether the goods delivered to her were ordered for her or for her husband. There were two bills, and one was admitted by the defendant but the larger one was disputed. The verdict was for the plaintiff for the full amount asked, $226.60.

The next case was Fischel David vs. Samuel Berman, a suit to recover for board furnished for defendant's wife. The amount asked was $40 for 40 days board. The case was not a long one and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for the full amount asked.

The directors of the Newport Water Works have elected Edmund W. Kent of Woonsocket general manager of the Newport plant to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late G. Norman Weaver. Mr. Kent is at present superintendent of the Woonsocket water department and has tendered his resignation to the water commissioners of that city, to take effect November 1.

Ex-Congressman Melville Bull is ill at the home of his brother, Dr. William T. Bull, at the One Mile Corner.

Middletown.

COURT OF PROBATE. The usual monthly session of the Court of Probate was held on Monday, when there were present Joshua Coggeshall, Arthur W. Chase, William R. Hunter and John H. Peckham.

The first account of Albert L. Chase, Administrator, with the estate of David Coggeshall was examined, allowed and ordered recorded.

The petition of Harriet B. Chase, Guardian of Sarah C. Coggeshall, for permission to sell certain securities at private sale was granted.

The petition of Millard F., Ellen E. and Arnold B. Smith to prove the will of William Smith and for letters testamentary on his estate was referred to the third Monday of November and notice ordered thereon.

The petition of Alden J. Barker, Guardian of Louise Henry Smith, for leave to sell at private sale her right and interest in certain real estate on Paradise Avenue, was continued to the November session of the Court and notice thereof ordered published.

The petition of Augustus L. Caswell and others to appoint William S. Caswell Administrator on the estate of Hannah E. Caswell was also referred with an order of notice to the third Monday of November.

IN TOWN COUNCIL. John H. Spooner, Henry I. Chase, Richard H. Wheeler, Jr., and Dennis J. Murphy were appointed Supervisors of the election to be held November 5, the first two being Republicans and the last two Democrats.

The Town Treasurer was directed to have the several buildings on the Town House lot and the road machines and implements kept there insured against fire. Joel Peckham, the former Collector of Taxes, submitted accounts with the taxes assessed in 1904, 1905 and 1906, which were received and ordered on file.

The petition of Lewis E. Payson and others to have certain parts of Vernon avenue and the Boulevard macadamized was continued to the third Monday of November.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury:

On highways, Peckham Brothers for crushed stone, $795.70; Elmer B. Sisson, Surveyor District No. 1, $275.25; William S. Caswell, Surveyor District No. 2, $50.75; Nathan B. Brown, Surveyor District No. 3, $913.60; William G. Brown, Surveyor District No. 4, $257.50; Alton Head for use of steam roller, $96.00; total on highways, $1318.86

Joel Peckham for collecting taxes of 1906, $150.00; James Bloomfield for police service, $12.75; Elisha A. Peckham for police service, $7.20; Benjamin Caswell, Janitor of the Town Hall, $11.46; Benjamin W. H. Peckham covering bridge, $81.72; for repairing fence, north of town hall, $11.52; for attaching pump to watering cart, $1.50; for 1 Yale night lock put on door to town hall, $2.00; Thomas G. Ward, bounty for killing six skunks, $3.00; Simon Hart, book for tax register, $5.50; N. L. Champlin, Jr., repairs on office of Town Clerk, $6.15; William P. Sheffield, Jr., for legal opinion, $5.00; Frank P. King, for board of prisoner in jail, $1.66; accounts for the relief of the poor, $35.00; total, $2153.32.

The Council adjourned to meet as a Board of Canvassers on Friday, November 1, at two p. m. when the final canvass of the voting lists will be made. There are no town propositions to be voted on at the elective meeting to be held November 5, and the electors will confine their attention to voting for general officers and Senator and Representative.

Rev. John B. Dimun, head master at St. George's School, who has been ill since the middle of September with typhoid fever, has so far improved as to be able to leave for Providence on Monday, where he will spend his period of convalescence with his elder sister, Miss Louise Dimun.

Ice has formed several nights during the week, although there has been but a light frost.

The Paradise Reading Club met with Mrs. Daniel B. Hazard on Valley Road Wednesday afternoon. After the usual reading of "current events," Mrs. George E. Ward presented the topic, "The Settlement of Jamestown." Light refreshments were served.

Mrs. William Livesey Brown entertained on Friday afternoon the Oliphant Reading Club at her home on the West Main Road. The program included miscellaneous readings.

Miss Clarabelle B. P. Grinnell, who is attending the Academy at East Greenwich, was guest of her mother, Mrs. R. J. Grinnell, on Sunday.

Master Harold Peckham, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Clarence Peckham of Prospect avenue, who has been seriously ill at the Newport Hospital, is very much improved.

Mrs. J. Willis Peckham, who suffered an attack of malaria last week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Champlin on Forest Avenue, returned this week to her home on Wapping Road.

Mr. Benjamin Hall has begun the erection of a second cottage house on South Aquidneck Avenue.

Mr. Benjamin Caswell, who has been ill, is again able to be out, although not as yet very strong.

Mrs. Daniel A. Peckham entertained St. Columba's Guild on Thursday afternoon, when much business relative to the new Parish House was transacted.

The vested choir, which comprises some thirty boys from St. George's School, resumed charge of the music at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on Sunday last. Mr. Edward P. Lake, of Newport, formerly an organist for many years at the Chapel, has been engaged for the winter although the boys will be under the direction of Mr. Cowles of New York, the new musical director at St. George's School.

Mrs. Austin has been quite ill the past week at the home of her son, Mr. John R. Austin, on Paradise Avenue.

Under the auspices of Aquidneck Grange, a vaudeville entertainment was given on Monday and Tuesday evenings, at the town hall. An excellent program was presented including several gymnastic trios, a reader, vocal and instrumental soloists, two short comedies, and Messrs. John R. Austin, Albert C. Young, and J. Overton Peckham, "Black-face Mirth Makers." Nearly all the performers were members of the Grange. The entertainment was followed by dancing, music being furnished by the Frank T. Peckham orchestra, also during the evening. Owing to considerable sickness in the town, the attendance was not what it might have been, although there was a large number present on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. C. Louise Perry, daughter of Mr. Elisha Clarke Peckham of this town, who was badly injured on September 23d by being run over in Somerville, gains very slowly and has suffered intensely from the pain of her injuries. There is very little hope of her getting about for a long period. Her sister, Miss Eliza M. Peckham, Middletown, is still with her.

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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[CONTINUED.]

Instead of using a familiar arrangement like the "needle-tell," wherein an invisible needle pricks the dealer's thumb, thus signaling the presence of certain cards, the Bronco Kid had determined to use the "sand-tell." In other words, he would employ a "straight box," but a deck of cards, certain ones of which had been roughened or sandpapered slightly, so that, by pressing more heavily on the top or exposed card, the one beneath would stick to its neighbor above and thus enable him to deal two with one motion if the occasion demanded. This roughness would likewise enable him to detect the hidden presence of a marked card by the faintest scratching sound when he dealt. In this manipulation it would be necessary also to shave the edges of some of the pasteboards a trifle, so that when the deck was forced firmly against one side of the box there would be exposed a fraction of the small figure in the left hand corner of the concealed cards. Long practice in the art of jugglery lends such proficiency as to baffle discovery and rob the game of its uncertainty as surely as the player is robbed of his money. It is, of course, vital that the confederate case keeper be able to interpret the dealer's signs perfectly in order to move the sliding ebony disks to correspond, else trouble will accrue at the completion of the hand when the cases come out wrong.

Having completed his instructions, the proprietor went forward, and Cherry wormed her way toward the roulette wheel. She wished to watch Glenister, but could not get near him because of the crowd. The men would not make room for her. Every eye was glued upon the table as though salvation lurked in its rows of red and black. They were packed behind it until the croupier had barely room to spin the ball, and although he forced them back, they pressed forward again inch by inch, drawn by the song of the ivory, drunk with its worship, maddened by the breath of Chance.

Cherry gathered that Glenister was still winning, for a glimpse of the wheel rack between the shoulders of those ahead showed that the checks were nearly out of it.

Plainly it was but a question of minutes, so she backed out and took her station beside the faro table where the Bronco Kid was dealing. His face wore its colorless mask of indifference; his long white hands moved slowly with the certainty that betokened absolute mastery of his art. He was waiting. The ex-crap dealer was keeping cases.

The group left the roulette table in a few moments and surrounded her. Glenister among the others. He was not the man she knew. In place of the dreary hopelessness with which he had left her, his face was flushed and reckless, his collar was open, showing the base of his great, corded neck, while the lust of the game had coarsened him till he was again the violent, untamed, primitive man of the frontier. His self-restraint and dignity were gone. He had tried the new ways, and they were not for him. He slipped back, and the past swallowed him.

After leaving Cherry he had sought some mental relief by idly risking the silver in his pocket. He had let the coins lie and double, then double again and again. He had been indifferent whether he won or lost, so assumed a reckless disregard for the laws of probability, thinking that he would shortly lose the money he had won and then go home. He did not want it. When his luck remained the same, he raised the stakes, but it did not change—he could not lose. Before he realized it, other men were betting with him, animated purely by greed and craze of the sport. First one, then another joined till game after game was closed, and each moment the crowd had grown in size and enthusiasm so that its fever crept into him, imperceptibly at first, but ever increasing, till the mania mastered him.

He paid no attention to Cherry as he took his seat. He had eyes for nothing but the "layout." She clinched her hands and prayed for his ruin.

"What's your limit, Kid?" he inquired.

"One hundred and two," the Kid answered, which in the vernacular means that any sum up to $200 may be laid on one card save only on the last turn, when the amount is lessened by half.

Without more ado they commenced. The Kid handled his cards smoothly, surely, paying and taking bets with machine-like calm. The onlookers ceased talking and prepared to watch, for now came the crucial test of the evening. Faro is to other games as war is to jackstraws.

For a time Glenister won steadily till there came a moment when many stacks of chips lay on the deuce. Cherry saw the Kid "flash" to the case keeper, and the next moment he had "pulled two." The deuce lost. It was his first substantial gain, and the players paid no attention. At the end of half an hour the winnings were slightly in favor of the "house." Then Glenister said: "This is too slow. I want action."

"All right," smiled the proprietor. "We'll double the limit."

Thus it became possible to wager $400 on a card, and the Kid began really to play. Glenister now lost steadily, not in large amounts, but with tantalizing regularity. Cherry had never seen cards played like this. The gambler was a revelation to her. His work was wonderful. Ill luck seemed to fan the crowd's eagerness, while, to add to its impatience, the cases came wrong twice in succession, so that those who would have bet heavily upon the last turn had their money given back. Cherry saw the confusion of the "hearse driver" even quicker than did Bronco. Toby was growing rattled. The dealer's work was too fast for him, and yet he could offer no signal of distress for fear of annihilation at the hands of those crowded close to his shoulder. In the same way the owner of the game could make no objection to his helper's incompetence for fear that some bystander would volunteer to fill the man's part. There were many present capable of the trick. He could only glare balefully across the table at his unfortunate confederate.

They had not gone far on the next game before Cherry's quick eye detected a sign which the man misinterpreted. She addressed him quietly, "You'd better brush up your plumes."

In spite of his anger the Bronco Kid smiled. Humor in him was strangely withered and distorted, yet here was a thrust he would always remember and recount with glee in years to come. He feared there were other faro dealers present who might understand the hint, but there was none save Mexico Mullins, whose face was a study—mirth seemed to be strangling him. A moment later the girl spoke to the case keeper again.

"Let me take your place; your reins are unbuckled."

Toby glanced inquiringly at the Kid, who caught Cherry's reassuring look and nodded, so he arose and the girl slid into the vacant chair. This woman would make no errors, the dealer knew that; her keen wits were sharpened by hate—it showed in her face. If Glenister escaped destruction tonight it would be because human means could not accomplish his downfall.

In the mind of the new case keeper there was but one thought—Roy must be broken. Humiliation, disgrace, ruin, ridicule were to be his. If he should be downed, discredited and discouraged, then perhaps he would turn to her as he had in the bygone days. He was slipping away from her—this was her last chance. She began her duties easily, and her alertness stimulated Bronco till his senses, too, grew sharper, his observation more acute and lightning-like. Glenister swore beneath his breath that the cards were bewitched. He was like a drunken man, now as truly intoxicated as though the fumes of wine had befogged his brain. He swayed in his seat, the veins of his neck thickened and throbbed, his features were congested. After awhile he spoke.

"I want a bigger limit. Is this some boy's game? Throw her open."

The gambler shot a triumphant glance at the girl and acquiesced. "All right, the limit is the blue sky. Pile your checks to the roof pole." He began to shuffle.

Within the crowded circle the air was hot and fetid with the breath of men. The sweat trickled down Glenister's brown skin, dripping from his jaw unnoticed. He arose and ripped off his coat, while those standing behind shifted and scuffed their feet impatiently. Besides Roy, there were but three men playing. They were the ones who had won heaviest at first. Now that luck was against them they were loath to quit.

Cherry was annoyed by stertorous breathing at her shoulder, and glanced back to find the little man who had been so excited earlier in the evening. His mouth was agape, his eyes wide, the muscles about his lips twitching. He had lost back, long since, the hundreds he had won and more besides. She searched the figures walling her about and saw no women. They had been crowded out long since. It seemed as though the table formed the bottom of a sloping pit of human faces—eager, tense, staring. It was well she was here, she thought, else this task might fail. She would help to blast Glenister, desolate him, humiliate him. Ah, but wouldn't she!

Roy bet $100 on the "popular" card. On the third turn he lost. He bet $200 next and lost. He set out a stack of $400 and lost for the third time. Fortune had turned her face. He ground his teeth and doubled until the stakes grew enormous, while the dealer dealt monotonously. The spots flashed and disappeared, taking with them wager after wager. Glenister became conscious of a raging, red fury which he had hard shift to master. It was not his money—what if he did lose? He would stay until he won. He would win. This luck would not, could not, last—and yet with diabolic persistence he continued to choose the losing cards. The other men fared better till he yielded to their judgment, when the dealer took their money also.

Strange to say, the fickle goddess had really shifted her banner at last, and the Bronco Kid was dealing straight faro now. He was too good a player to force a winning hand, and Glenister's ill fortune became as phenomenal as his winning had been. The girl who figured in this drama was keyed to the highest tension, her eyes now on her counters, now searching the profile of her victim. Glenister continued to lose and lose and lose, while the girl gloated over his swift coming ruin. When at long intervals he won a bet, she shrank and shivered for fear he might escape. If only he would risk it all—everything he had. He would have to come to her then!

The end was closer than she realized. The throng hung breathless upon each move of the players, while there was no sound but the noise of shifting chips and the distant jangle of the orchestra. The lookout sat far forward upon his perch, his hands upon his knees, his eyes frozen to the board, a dead cigar clinched between his teeth. Crowded upon his platform were miners tense and motionless as statues. When a man spoke or coughed, a score of eyes stared at him accusingly, then dropped to the table again.

Glenister took from his clothes a bundle of banknotes so thick that it required his two hands to compass it. Onlookers saw that the bills were mainly yellow. No one spoke while he counted them rapidly, glanced at the dealer, who nodded, then slid them forward till they rested on the king. He placed a "copper" on the pile. A great sigh of indrawn breaths swept through the crowd. The north had never known a bet like this—it meant a fortune. Here was a tale for one's grandchildren—that a man should win opulence in an evening, then lose it in one deal. This final bet represented more than many of them had ever seen at one time before. His fate lay on a single card.

Cherry Malotte's fingers were like ice and shook till the buttons of her case keeper rattled, her heart raced till she could not breathe, while something rose up and choked her. If Glenister won this bet, he would quit. She felt it. If he lost, ah! what could the Kid there feel, the man who was playing for a paltry vengeance, compared to her whose hope of happiness, of love, of life hinged on this wager?

Evidently the Bronco Kid knew what card lay next below, for he offered her no sign, and as Glenister leaned back he slowly and firmly pushed the top card out of the box. Although this was the biggest turn of his life, he betrayed no tremor. His gesture displayed the nine of diamonds, and the crowd breathed heavily. The king had not won. Would it lose? Every gaze was welded to the tiny nickeled box. If the face card lay next beneath the nine spot, the heaviest wager in Alaska would have been lost; if it still remained hidden on the next turn, the money would be safe for a moment.

Slowly the white hand of the dealer moved back. His middle finger touched the nine of diamonds. It slid smoothly out of the box, and there in its place frowned the king of clubs. At last the silence was broken.

Men spoke; some laughed, but in their laughter was no mirth. It was more like the sound of choking. They stamped their feet to relieve the grip of strained muscles. The dealer reached forth and slid the stack of bills into the drawer at his waist without counting. The case keeper passed a shaking hand over her face, and when it came away she saw blood on her fingers where she had sunk her teeth into her lower lip. Glenister did not rise. He sat, heavy browed and sullen, his jaw thrust forward, his hair low upon his forehead, his eyes bloodshot and dead.

"I'll sit the hand out if you'll let me bet the 'finger,'" said he.

"Certainly," replied the dealer.

When a man requests this privilege, it means that he will call the amount of his wager without producing the visible stakes, and the dealer may accept or refuse according to his judgment of the bettor's responsibility. It is safe, for no man shirks a gambling debt in the north, and thousands may go with a nod of the head though never a cent be on the board.

There were still a few cards in the box, and the dealer turned them, paying the three men who played. Glenister took no part, but sat hulked over his end of the table, glowering from beneath his shock of hair.

Cherry was deathly tired. The strain of the last hour had been so intense that she could barely sit in her seat, yet she was determined to finish the hand. As Bronco paused before the last turn many of the bystanders made bets. They were the "case players" who risked money only on the final pair, thus avoiding the chance of two cards of like denomination coming together, in which event ("splits" it is called) the dealer takes half the money. The stakes were laid at last and the deal about to start when Glenister spoke. "Wait! What's this place worth, Bronco?"

"What do you mean?"

"You own this outfit?" He waved his hand about the room. "Well, what does it stand you?"

The gambler hesitated an instant, while the crowd pricked up its ears, and the girl turned wondering, troubled eyes upon the miner. What would he do now?

"Counting bank rolls, fixtures and all, about $120,000. Why?"

"I'll pick the ace to lose, my one-half interest in the Midas against your whole layout."

There was an absolute hush while the realization of this offer smote the onlookers. It took time to realize it. This man was insane. There were three cards to choose from—one would win, one would lose, and one would have no action.

Of all those present only Cherry Malotte divined even vaguely the real reason which prompted the man to do this. It was not "gameness" nor altogether a brutish stubbornness which would not let him quit. It was something deeper. He was desolate, and his heart was gone. Helen was lost to him—worse yet, was unworthy—and she was all he cared for. What did he want of the Midas, with its lawsuits, its intrigues and its trickery? He was sick of it all, of the whole game, and wanted to get away. If he won, very well. If he lost, the land of the aurora would know him no more.

When he put his proposition the Bronco Kid dropped his eyes as though debating. The girl saw that he studied the cards in his box intently and that his fingers caressed the top one ever so softly during the instant the eyes of the rest were on Glenister. The dealer looked up at last, and Cherry saw the gleam of triumph in his eye. He could not mask it from her, though his answering words were hesitating. She knew by the look that Glenister was a pauper.

"Come on," insisted Roy honestly; "turn the cards."

"You're on!"

The girl felt that she was fainting. She wanted to scream. The triumph of this moment stifled her—or was it triumph, after all? She heard the breath of the little man behind her rattle as though he were being throttled and saw the lookout pass a shaking hand to his chin, then wet his parched lips. She saw the man she had helped to ruin bend forward, his lean face strained and hard, an odd look of pain and weariness in his eyes. She never forgot that look. The crowd was frozen in various attitudes of eagerness, although it had not yet recovered from the suspense of the last great wager. It knew the Midas and what it meant. Here lay half of it, hidden beneath a tawdry square of pasteboard. With maddening deliberation the Kid dealt the top card. Beneath it was the trey of spades. Glenister said no word nor made a move. Some one coughed, and it sounded like a gunshot. Slowly the dealer's fingers retraced their way. He hesitated purposely and leered at the girl, then the three spot disappeared and beneath it lay the ace as the king had lain on that other wager. It spelled utter ruin to Glenister. He raised his eyes blindly, and then the deathlike silence of the room was shattered by a sudden crash. Cherry Malotte had closed her check rack violently, at the same instant crying shrill and clear:

"That bet is off! The cases are wrong!"

Glenister half rose, overturning his chair; the Kid hinged forward across the table, and his wonderful hands, tense and talon-like, thrust themselves forward as though reaching for the riches she had snatched away. They worked and writhed and trembled as though in dumb fury, the nails sinking into the oilcloth table cover. His face grew livid and cruel, while his eyes blazed at her till she shrank from him affrightedly, bracing herself away from the table with rigid arms.

Reason came slowly back to Glenister and understanding with it. He seemed to awake from a nightmare. He could read all too plainly the gambler's look of baffled hate as the man sprawled on the table, his arms spread wide, his eyes glaring at the cowering woman, who shrank before him like a rabbit before a snake. She tried to speak, but choked. Then the dealer came to himself and cried harshly through his teeth one word:

"Christ!"

He raised his fist and struck the table so violently that chips and coppers leaped and rolled, and Cherry closed her eyes to lose sight of his awful grimace. Glenister looked down on him and said:

"I think I understand, but the money was yours anyhow, so I don't mind." His meaning was plain. The Kid suddenly jerked open the drawer before him, but Glenister clinched his right hand and leaned forward. The miner could have killed him with a blow, for the gambler was seated and at his mercy. The Kid checked himself, while his face began to twitch as though the nerves underlying it had broken bondage and were dancing in a wild, ungovernable orgy.

"You have taught me a lesson," was all that Glenister said, and with that he pushed through the crowd and out into the cool night air. Overhead the arctic stars winked at him, and the

"That bet is off! The cases are wrong!"

sea smells struck him clean and fresh. As he went homeward he heard the distant full throated plaint of a wolf dog. It held the mystery and sadness of the north. He paused and, baring his thick, matted head, stood for a long time gathering himself together. Standing so, he made certain covenants with himself and vowed solemnly never to touch another card.

At the same moment Cherry Malotte came hurrying to her cottage door, fleeing as though from pursuit or from some hateful, haunted spot. She paused before entering and flung her arms outward into the dark in a wide gesture of despair.

"Why did I do it? Oh, why did I do it? I can't understand myself."

CHAPTER XIV.

"MY dear Helen, don't you realize that my official position carries with it a certain social obligation which it is our duty to discharge?"

"I suppose so, Uncle Arthur; but I would much rather stay at home."

"Tut, tut! Go and have a good time."

"Dancing doesn't appeal to me any more. I left that sort of thing back home. Now, if you would only come along"—

"No; I'm too busy. I must work tonight, and I'm not in a mood for such things, anyhow."

"You're not well," his niece said. "I have noticed it for weeks. Is it hard work or are you truly ill? You're nervous; you don't eat; you're growing positively gaunt. Why, you're getting wrinkles like an old man!" She rose from her seat at the breakfast table and went to him, smoothing his silvered head with affection.

He took her cool hand and pressed it to his cheek, while the worry that haunted him habitually of late gave way to a smile.

"It's work, little girl—hard and thankless work, that's all. This country is intended for young men, and I'm too far along." His eyes grew grave again, and he squeezed her fingers nervously as though at the thought. "It's a terrible country this. I—I—wish we had never seen it."

"Don't say that," Helen cried spiritedly. "Why, it's glorious. Think of the honor. You're a United States judge and the first one to come here. You're making history; you're building a state; people will read about you." She stooped and kissed him, but he seemed to flinch beneath her caress.

"Of course I'll go if you think I'd better," she said, "though I'm not fond of Alaskan society. Some of the women are nice, but the others"— She shrugged her dainty shoulders. "They talk scandal all the time. One would think that a great, clean, fresh, vigorous country like this would broaden the women as it broadens the men—but it doesn't."

"I'll tell McNamara to call for you at 8 o'clock," said the judge as he arose. So, later in the day, she prepared her long unused finery to such good purpose that when her escort called for her that evening he believed her the loveliest of women.

Upon their arrival at the hotel he regarded her with a fresh access of pride, for the function proved to bear little resemblance to a mining camp party. The women wore handsome gowns, and every man was in evening dress. The wide hall ran the length of the hotel and was flanked with boxes, while its floor was like polished glass and its walls effectively decorated.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Helen as she first caught sight of it. "It's just like home."

"I've seen quick rising cities before," he said, "but nothing like this. Still, if these northerners can build a railroad in a month and a city in a summer why shouldn't they have symphony orchestras and Louis Quinze ballrooms?"

"I know you're a splendid dancer," she said.

"You shall be my judge and jury. I'll sign this card as often as I dare without the certainty of violence at the hands of those young men, and the rest of the time I'll smoke in the lobby. I don't care to dance with any one but you."

After the first waltz he left her surrounded by partners and made his way out of the ballroom. This was his first relaxation since landing in the north. It was well not to become a dull boy, he mused, and as he chewed his cigar he pictured, with an odd thrill, quite unusual with him, that slender, gray eyed girl, with her coiled mass of hair, her ivory shoulders and merry smile. He saw her float past to the measure of a two-step and caught himself resenting the thought of another man's enjoyment of the girl's charms, even for an instant.

"Hold on, Alec," he muttered. "You're too old a bird to lose your head." However, he was waiting for her before the time for their next dance. She seemed to have lost a part of her gayety.

"What's the matter? Aren't you enjoying yourself?"

"Oh, yes," she returned brightly. "I'm having a delightful time."

When he came for his third dance she was more distrait than ever. As he led her to a seat they passed a group of women, among whom were Mrs. Champain and others whom he knew to be wives of men prominent in the town. He had seen some of them at tea in Judge Stillman's house and therefore was astonished when they returned his greeting, but ignored Helen. She shrank slightly, and he realized that there was something wrong. He could not guess what. Affairs of men he could cope with, but the subtleties of women were out of his realm.

"What ails those people? Have they offended you?"

"I don't know what it is. I have spoken to them, but they cut me."

"Cut you!" he exclaimed.

"Yes." Her voice trembled, but she held her head high. "It seems as though all the women in Nome were here and in league to ignore me. It dazes me. I do not understand."

"Has anybody said anything to you?" he inquired fiercely. "Any man, I mean?"

"No, no! The men are kind. It's the women."

"Come, we'll go home."

"Indeed, we will not," she said proudly. "I shall stay and face it out. I have done nothing to run away from, and I intend to find out what is the matter."

When he had surrendered her, at the beginning of the next dance, McNamara sought for some acquaintance whom he might question. Most of the men in Nome either hated or feared him, but he espied one that he thought suited his purpose and led him into a corner.

"I want you to answer a question. No beating about the bush. Understand? I'm blunt, and I want you to be."

"All right."

"Your wife has been entertained at Miss Chester's house. I've seen her there. Tonight she refuses to speak to the girl. She cut her dead, and I want to know what it's about."

"How should I know?"

"If you don't know, I'll ask you to find out."

The other shook his head amusedly, at which McNamara flared up.

"I say you will, and you'll make your wife apologize before she leaves this hall, too, or you'll answer to me, man to man. I won't stand to have a girl like Miss Chester cold decked by a bunch of mining camp swells, and that goes as it lies." In his excitement McNamara reverted to his western idiom.

The other did not reply at once, for it is embarrassing to deal with a person who disregards the conventions utterly, and at the same time has the inclination and force to compel obedience. The boss' reputation had gone abroad.

"Well—er—I know about it in a general way, but of course I don't go much on such things. You'd better let it drop."

"Go on."

"There has been a lot of talk among the ladies about—well, er—the fact is, it's that young Glenister. Mrs. Champian had the next stateroom to them—er—him—I should say—on the way up from the States, and she saw things. Now, as far as I'm concerned, a girl can do as she pleases, but Mrs. Champian has her own ideas of propriety. From what my wife could learn, there's some truth in the story, too, so you can't blame her."

With a word McNamara could have explained the gossip and made this man put his wife right, forcing through her an elucidation of the silly affair in such a way as to spare Helen's feelings and cover the busy tongued magpies with confusion. Yet he hesitated. It is a wise skipper who trims his sails to every breeze. He thanked his informant and left him. Entering the lobby, he saw the girl hurrying toward him.

"Take me away, quick! I want to go home."

"You've changed your mind?"

"Yes, let us go," she panted, and when they were outside she walked so rapidly that he had difficulty in keeping pace with her. She was silent, and he knew better than to question, but when they arrived at her house he entered, took off his overcoat and turned up the light in the tiny parlor. She flung her wraps over a chair, storming back and forth like a little fury. Her eyes were starry with tears of anger, her face was flushed, her hands worked nervously. He leaned against the mantel, watching her through his cigar smoke.

"You needn't tell me," he said at length. "I know all about it."

"I am glad you do. I never could

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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"Why, Johnny, your sums are all wrong. Don't you know that if you subtract something from something, something less than the something that something is subtracted from will remain?"

"How about subtracting one apple from one plate? It leaves just as much plate."

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THE SPOILERS

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

repeat what they said. Oh, it was brutal!" Her voice caught, and she bit her lip. "What made me ask them? Why didn't I keep still? After you left I went to those women and faced them. Oh, but they were brutal! Yet, why should I care?" She stamped her slippered foot.

"I shall have to kill that man some day," he said, flecking his cigar ashes into the grate.

"What man?" She stood still and looked at him.

"Glenister, of course. If I had thought the story would ever reach you I'd have shot him up long ago."

"It didn't come from him," she cried, hot with indignation. "He's a gentleman. It's that cat, Mrs. Champlan."

He shrugged his shoulders the slightest bit, but it was eloquent, and she noted it. "Oh, I don't mean that he did it intentionally—he's too decent a chap for that—but anybody's tongue will wag to a beautiful girl! My lady Malotte is a jealous trick."

"Malotte! Who is she?" Helen questioned curiously.

He seemed surprised. "I thought every one knew who she is. It's just as well that you don't."

"I am sure Mr. Glenister would not talk of me." There was a pause. "Who is Miss Malotte?"

He studied for a moment, while she watched him. What a splendid figure he made in his evening clothes! The cozy room with its shaded lights enhanced his size and strength and rugged outlines. In his eyes was that admiration which women live for. He lifted his bold, handsome face and met her gaze.

"I had rather leave that for you to find out, for I'm not much at scandal. I have something more important to tell you. It's the most important thing I have ever said to you, Helen." It was the first time he had used that name, and she began to tremble, while her eyes sought the door in a panic. She had expected this moment, and yet was not ready.

"Not tonight. Don't say it now," she managed to articulate.

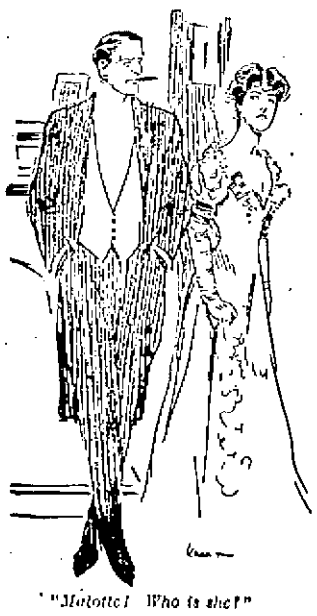
"Yes, this is a good time. If you can't answer, I'll come back tomorrow. I want you to be my wife. I want to give you everything the world offers, and I want to make you happy, girl. There'll be no gossip hereafter—I'll shield you from everything unpleasant; and if there is anything you want in life, I'll lay it at your feet. I can do it." He lifted his massive arms, and in the set of his strong, square face was the promise that she should have whatever she craved if mortal man could give it to her—love, protection, position, adoration.

She stammered uncertainly till the humiliation and chagrin she had suffered this night swept over her again. This town—this crude, half born mining camp—had turned against her, misjudged her cruelly. The women were envious, clacking scandal mongers, all of them, who would ostracize her and make her life in the northland a misery, make her an outcast with nothing to sustain her but her own solitary pride. She could picture her future clearly, pitilessly, and see herself standing alone, villified, harassed in a thousand cutting ways, yet unable to run away or to explain. She would have to stay and face it, for her life was bound up here during the next few years or so, or as long as her uncle remained a judge. This man would free her. He loved her; he offered her everything. He was bigger than all the rest combined. They were his playthings, and they knew it. She was not sure that she loved him, but his magnetism was overpowering and her admiration intense. No other man she had ever known compared with him, except Glenister— Bah! The beast! He had insulted her at first; he wronged her now.

"Will you be my wife, Helen?" the man repeated softly.

She dropped her head, and he strode forward to take her in his arms, then stopped listening. Some one ran up on the porch and hammered loudly at the door. McNamara scowled, walked into the hall and flung the portal open, disclosing Struve.

"Hello, McNamara! Been looking all over for you. There's the deuce to



"Malotte! Who is she?"

pay!" Helen sighed with relief and gathered up her cloak, while the hum of their voices reached her indistinctly. She was given plenty of time to regain her composure before they appeared. When they did, the politician spoke sourly:

"I've been called to the mines, and I must go at once."

"You bet! It may be too late now. The news came an hour ago, but I couldn't find you," said Struve. "Your horse is saddled at the office. Better not wait to change your clothes."

"You say Voorhees has gone with twenty deputies, eh? That's good. You stay here and find out all you can."

"I telephoned out to the creek for the boys to arm themselves and throw out pickets. If you hurry, you can get there in time. It's only midnight now."

"What is the trouble?" Miss Chester inquired anxiously.

"There's a plot on to attack the mines tonight," answered the lawyer. "The other side are trying to seize them, and there's apt to be a fight."

"You mustn't go out there," she cried, aghast. "There will be bloodshed."

"That's just why I must go," said McNamara. "I'll come back in the morning, though, and I'd like to see you alone. Good night!" There was a strange, new light in his eyes as he left her. For one unversed in woman's ways he played the game surprisingly well, and as he hurried toward his office he smiled grimly into the darkness.

"She'll answer me tomorrow. Thank you, Mr. Glenister," he said to himself.

Helen questioned Struve at length, but gained nothing more than that secret service men had been at work for weeks and had today unearthed the fact that vigilantes had been formed. They had heard enough to make them think the mines would be jumped again tonight and so had given the alarm.

"Have you hired spies?" she asked incredulously.

"Sure. We had to. The other people shadowed us, and it's come to a point where it's life or death to one side or the other. I told McNamara we'd have bloodshed before we were through, when he first outlined the scheme—I mean when the trouble began."

She wrung her hands. "That's what uncle feared before we left Seattle. That's why I took the risks I did in bringing you those papers. I thought you got them in time to avoid all this."

Struve laughed a bit, eying her curiously.

"Does Uncle Arthur know about this?" she continued.

"No; we don't let him know anything more than necessary. He's not a strong man."

"Yes, yes. He's not well." Again the lawyer smiled. "Who is behind this vigilante movement?"

"We think it is Glenister and his New Mexican bandit partner. At least they got the crowd together." She was silent for a time.

"I suppose they really think they own those mines."

"Undoubtedly."

"But they don't, do they?" Somehow this question had recurred to her insistently of late, for things were constantly happening which showed there was more back of this great, fierce struggle than she knew. It was impossible that injustice had been done the mine owners, and yet scattered talk reached her which was puzzling. When she strove to follow it up, her acquaintances adroitly changed the subject. She was baffled on every side. The three local newspapers upheld the court. She read them carefully and was more at sea than ever. There was a disturbing undercurrent of alarm and unrest that caused her to feel insecure, as though standing on hollow ground.

"Yes, this whole disturbance is caused by those two. Only for them we'd be all right."

"Who is Miss Malotte?"

He answered promptly, "The handsomest woman in the north and the most dangerous."

"In what way? Who is she?"

"It's hard to say who or what she is. She's different from other women. She came to Dawson in the early days—just came—we didn't know how, whence or why, and we never found out. We woke up one morning, and there she was. By night we were all jealous, and in a week we were most of us driveling idiots. It might have been the mystery or perhaps the competition. That was the day when a dance hall girl could make a home stake in a winter or marry a millionaire in a month, but she never bothered. She toiled not, neither did she spin on the waxed floors, yet Solomon in all his glory would have looked like a tramp beside her."

"You say she is dangerous?"

"Well, there was a young nobleman, in the winter of '98, Dane, I think—fine family and all that—big yellow haired boy. He wanted to marry her, but a faro dealer shot him. Then there was Rock of the mounted police, the finest officer in the service. He was cashiered. She knew he was going to pot for her, but she didn't seem to care—and there were others. Yet, with it all, she is the most generous person and the most tender hearted. Why, she has fed every 'stew bum' on the Yukon, and there isn't a busted prospector in the country who wouldn't swear by her, for she has grubstaked dozens of them. I was horribly in love with her myself. Yes, she's dangerous all right—to everybody but Glenister."

"What do you mean."

"She had been across the Yukon to nurse a man with scurvy, and coming back she was caught in the spring breakup. I wasn't there, but it seems this Glenister got her ashore somehow when nobody else would tackle the job. They were carried five miles downstream in the ice pack before he succeeded."

"What happened then?"

"She fell in love with him, of course."

"And he worshiped her as madly as all the rest of you, I suppose," she said scornfully.

"That's the peculiar part. She hypnotized him at first, but he ran away, and I didn't hear of him again till I came to Nome. She followed him finally and last week evened up her score. She paid him back for saving her."

"I haven't heard about it."

He detailed the story of the gambling episode at the Northern saloon and concluded: "I'd like to have seen that turn, for they say the excitement was terrific. She was keeping cases and at the finish slammed her case keeper shut and declared the bet off because she had made a mistake. Of course they couldn't dispute her, and she stuck to it. One of the bystanders told me she lied, though."

"So, in addition to his other vices, Mr. Glenister is a reckless gambler, is he?" said Helen with heat. "I am proud to be indebted to such a character. Truly this country breeds wonderful species."

"There's where you're wrong," Struve chuckled. "He's never been known to bet before."

"Oh, I'm tired of these contradictions!" she cried angrily. "Saloons, gambling halls, scandals, adventuresses! Ugh! I hate it! I hate it! Why did I ever come here?"

"Those things are a part of every new country. They were about all we had till this year. But it is women like you that we fellows need, Miss Helen. You can help us a lot." She did not like the way he was looking at her and remembered that her uncle was upstairs and asleep.

"I must ask you to excuse me now, for it's late and I am very tired."

The clock showed half past 12, so, after letting him out, she extinguished the light and dragged herself wearily up to her room. She removed her outer garments and threw over her bare shoulders a negligee of many flounces and bewildering, clinging looseness. As she took down her heavy braids the story of Cherry Malotte returned to her tormentingly. So Glenister had saved her life also at the risk of his own. What a very gallant cavalier he was, to be sure! He should bear a coat of arms—a dragon, an armed knight and a fainting maiden. "I succor ladies in distress—handsome ones," should be the motto on his shield. "The handsomest woman in the north," Struve had said. She raised her eyes to the glass and made a mouth at the petulant, tired reflection there. She pictured Glenister leaping from floe to floe with the hungry river surging and snapping at his feet, while the cheers of the crowd on shore gave heart to the girl crouching out there. She could see him snatch her up and fight his way back to safety over the plunging ice cakes with death dragging at his heels. What a strong embrace he had! At this she blushed and realized with a shock that while she was mooning that very man might be fighting hand to hand in the darkness of a mountain gorge with the man she was going to marry.

A moment later some one mounted the front steps below and knocked sharply. Truly this was a night of alarms. Would people never cease coming? She was worn out, but at the thought of the tragedy abroad and the sick old man sleeping near by she lit a candle and slipped downstairs to avoid disturbing him. Doubtless it was some message from McNamara, she thought, as she unchained the door.

As she opened it she fell back amazed while it swung wide and the candle flame flickered and sputtered in the night air. Roy Glenister stood there, grim and determined, his soft, white Stetson pulled low, his trousers tucked into tan half boots, in his hand a Winchester rifle. Beneath his corduroy coat she saw a loose cartridge belt, yellow with shells, and the nickeled flash of a revolver. Without invitation he strode across the threshold, closing the door behind him.

"Miss Chester, you and the judge must dress quickly and come with me."

"I don't understand."

"The vigilantes are on their way here to hang him. Come with me to my house, where I can protect you."

She laid a trembling hand on her bosom, and the color died out of her face, then at a slight noise above they both looked up to see Judge Stillman leaning far over the banister. He had wrapped himself in a dressing gown and now gripped the rail convulsively, while his features were blanched to the color of putty and his eyes were wide with terror, though puffed and swollen from sleep. His lips moved in a vain endeavor to speak.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN QUEST OF AN HEIR.

The Great Napoleon and What Might Have Been.

Had Josephine borne Napoleon an heir the history of France and indeed all Europe must have been very different. In the hours of triumph after Wagram Napoleon realized that had the young German fanatic who had come to attempt his life been successful in his mission one thrust from that vulgar kitchen knife which the lad concealed would have shattered all the glories whose fashioning had caused such rivers of blood to flow. He resolved upon the divorce of Josephine. He would take as his wife a princess and found a dynasty. Whom should he marry? Should it be a princess of the Russian royal house or a princess of another? He slept in the palace of the man whom he had but newly reconquered, the emperor of Austria, and slept, as fate would have it, in the very room in which the heir for whom he prayed was destined to die. Under the roof of the son of the Caesars he resolved to marry that man's daughter. A little white earlier she had heard that the tide of battle had turned against the French and had written to her father: "We have heard with great joy that Napoleon was present at the battle which was lost. If he would only lose his head as well!" The writer of the words became, ten months after the French troops entered Vienna as conquerors, the bride of the man whose death she now wished.

She was the granddaughter of Marie Antoinette, and by his marriage to her Napoleon believed it would be the salvation of France. A man wiser in the matter than himself had pointed to a Russian marriage, foreseeing renewed hostilities with either Austria or Russia. Napoleon, he said, knew his way to Vienna; he doubted whether he knew the road to St. Petersburg. Napoleon chose to find, as he afterward said, that the marriage was but an abyss strewn with flowers. The marriage led inevitably to the calamitous Russian campaign and to the breakup of his empire. His ruin began with his marriage to the princess who was to be the mother of his child. All France acclaimed the union with joy, which was eclipsed only by the birth of the heir.—St. James' Gazette.

Drawing a Line.

"I will come home feeling like a new woman," wrote his wife.

"Well, don't come home and act like one," cautioned her husband.

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CORNISH DIALECT.

Some Quaint Terms That Are Common Among the Natives.

"A hitched my foot in the sconce and knacked my nuddick, and A wadn't able to clinky for a fortnight."

Readers of dialect tales will probably take it for granted that this sentence is Scotch. It is, however, Cornish and, being interpreted, means, "I caught my foot in the pavement and struck the nape of my neck, and I was not able to swallow for a fortnight."

There are some quaint terms common in Cornwall which have a pleasing savor of their own. The phrase "my dear"—prolonged to two syllables—is not, for instance, any indication of especial affection. It is a common form of address to either man or woman. So also, though with rather more discrimination in its use, is "my deear life."

A young child is mentioned in terms of endearment as "my 'unsome" or "tender deear" or even "tender worm." "Son" and "sonny" are used without the least relation to the age or sex of the person addressed. A son may sometimes be heard speaking to his own father as "my son" or a husband calling his wife "sonny."

"Young" means simply unmarried. A bachelor of eighty is "a young man." Of a bride still in her teens it was said that she was "a pretty lot better looking than when she was young." An old person is not simply old. He is "old ancient." Several New England localisms are found in Cornish speech, as "cricket" for a small stool, "chores" for household jobs and "dowdy" for pudding, though in America the latter word survives only as part of "pandawdy," the delicious deep spiced apple pie of country housewives.

A Cornish anecdote relates that a small boy left at home to supervise the family dinner while the rest of the household were at church, having, like King Alfred, neglected his duty and allowed the fig pudding to scorch, in his dismay ran to the church and from the doorway made signs to the housewife to come forth. She indignantly signed him to wait, which for a time he did, but at length, becoming impatient, cried aloud in reply to her further winks and grimaces, to the scandal of the startled congregation:

"View may winky and skrinky as long as yiew du plase, but the figgy dowdy is burnt gin the crock!"—Liverpool Mercury.

OUR BRAINS ARE DOUBLE.

But Only One of Them Is Used to Think With.

Man has a pair of brains just as he has a pair of eyes and a pair of ears, declares Dr. William Hanna Thomson in Everybody's. But, asserts Dr. Thomson, only one of our two brains is used to think with. He continues:

"When we come into this world we have a pair of quite thoughtless brains and nothing more. To become intelligent beings we must acquire a whole host of mental faculties and endowments, not one of which does a human being bring with him at birth. No one was ever born speaking English nor any other language. No newly born babe knows anything by sight nor by any other sense. Every kind of knowledge has to be gained by personal education. But only recently have we found that this education necessitates the creation of a local anatomical change in brain matter to make it the special seat for that 'accomplishment.' Thus no one can become a skilled violin player until by long fashioning he has at last made a violin playing place in his cerebrum.

"But all this brain fashioning takes so much time and trouble that for mere economy of labor, as one hemisphere will do all that is necessary, the individual spends his efforts on one of them only. As both hemispheres are equally good for this purpose, which of the two he will educate depends on which one he begins with. This is settled for him when as a child he begins all his training by the hand, that he then most easily uses; hence it is that all the speech centers and all the knowing and educated places are to be found only in the left hemisphere of the right handed and in the right hemisphere of the left handed."

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How the Water In Great Salt Lake Treats the Bathers.

Bathing in Great Salt Lake is a unique experience.

Flights of steps lead down into the water from the interminable platform along which the bathhouses are situated. The water is quite shallow at first, and you find a rare enjoyment for a time in wriggling your toes about in the salt that forms the bottom in place of accustomed sand. You are obliged to wade out some distance before you experience the peculiar buoyancy of the lake. First you feel your feet trying to swim out from under you. You find it more and more difficult to walk. You begin to float in spite of yourself. Then you realize you are nonsinkable. You can't sink if you want to. Throw yourself on your back or sit down or try to swim, and you bob about like a rocking chair in a freshet. You feel as though you had been turned to cork. You can't help looking at the phenomenon subjectively. You don't see that there is anything peculiar about the water. It looks and feels like any other bathing water—until you get some of it in your eyes or in your mouth. Then you wish you hadn't come. Ocean water is sweet in comparison. In fact, the chemists tell us it is eight times less salty.

You can't drown in the lake by sinking, but you can be suffocated to death, which is just about as uncomfortable and undesirable. We found signs everywhere warning us against being too talkative or too frolicsome in the water.

When we came out we brought with us large deposits of salt on our skin. As the water evaporated we found ourselves covered with white crystals. Only a strong shower bath of fresh water or a good clothes brush can put you into fit condition to dress.—Travel Magazine.

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Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, October 26, 1907.

THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR:
FREDERICK H. JACKSON,
of Providence.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR:
RALPH C. WATROUS,
of Warwick.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE:
CHARLES P. BENNETT,
of Providence.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL:
WILLIAM B. GREENOUGH,
of Providence.

FOR GENERAL TREASURER:
WALTER A. READ,
of Glocester.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

FOR SENATOR:
JOHN P. SANBORN.

FOR FIRST REPRESENTATIVE:
HORACE N. HASSARD.

FOR SECOND REPRESENTATIVE:
ROBERT S. BURLINGAME.

FOR THIRD REPRESENTATIVE:
ROBERT S. FRANKLIN.

FOR FOURTH REPRESENTATIVE:
CLARK BURDICK.

In order to vote for the re-election of United States Senator Geo. Peabody Wetmore, it will be necessary to vote for the above Assembly ticket.

One week from next Tuesday is Election day. Make a note of it.

It is said that the Illinois corn crop this year will break all records for that state, with a yield of 500,000,000 bushels, valued at $275,000,000.

Figures compiled by the Department of Agriculture show that consumption of meat in the United States is steadily decreasing and that whereas it constituted one-half of our diet in 1840, now it constitutes only one-third.

What the City of Providence needs as much as Newport is a good up to date hotel. There is a city of over 200,000 people with not a first class hotel in it. The Narragansett was once a good house but it is sadly behind the times at present.

There is quite a contest on for the location of the next Republican National Convention. Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Denver, Atlantic City, Pittsburg, St. Paul, Seattle and Los Angeles have all put in bids, but the general opinion is that Chicago will get the prize. The committee meet Dec. 7 to settle the time and place.

None of the banks in Newport are in any way affected by the money flurry in New York. No Newport bank funds are tied up in any of the banks that have temporarily suspended payment. The banks of Newport have always done business in a conservative manner, and they never were in a more firm financial condition than they are today.

President Mellen of the New Haven Railroad denies that his company has bought the Consolidated Steamship Co. or any of its subsidiaries. He says: "The Eastern Steamship Co. and the Metropolitan Steamship Co. are the only Morse lines which are at all competitors of the New Haven steamship properties. These lines would be of no advantage to the New Haven and we have not the slightest intention of securing them. A man doesn't put his neck into a noose without a good premium, and in this case I don't see the premium."

Every good citizen of Newport can this year enthusiastically support and vote for the Republican candidate for Governor, Frederick H. Jackson. He is a thorough gentleman, and a man of ability, well versed in the affairs of the State, and what is also of importance a warm supporter of Senator Wetmore. During the last session as Lieutenant Governor he led off in casting the first vote every time for George Peabody Wetmore. No influence could swerve him. People of Newport, remember this when you go to the polls on November 5th and give him a rousing vote.

John D. Rockefeller says: "I think that the existing alarm among investors is not warranted and I hope the good common sense of our American people will control the situation. Personally I have absolute faith in the future of the values of our securities and the soundness of underlying conditions. Instead of withdrawing any of my moneys from the banks I am co-operating with the others in helping to meet that which I firmly believe to be only a temporary crisis. Everyone having the good of his country at heart should by word and deed lend a hand now to re-establish confidence and I hope to do my part to the full extent of my resources." These are sound words and will have good effect in allaying the financial panic that has been on in New York for the past weeks.

Centralization of Power.

President Roosevelt in his tour to the Louisiana swamps after bears is scattering his speeches along the route in great profusion. In all of them he harps along the same lines. More powers for the federal government and more centralization of that power in the hands of the nation's chief executive. He wants the nation to have complete control over all corporations, over interstate commerce, over railroads, etc. He says, "I firmly believe that there should be national legislation to control all industrial corporations doing an interstate business, including the control of output of their securities, but as to these the necessity for federal control is less urgent and immediate than in the case with the railroads."

This is a far departure from the established order of things that has heretofore existed and it is in the minds of many a grave question whether all power should be taken away from the States and vested in a central government. He on all occasions advocates the building and maintaining of a great navy. He says: "This country is definitely committed to certain fundamental policies—to the Monroe doctrine, for instance, and to the duty not only of building, but, when it is built, of policing and defending the Panama canal. We have definitely taken our place among the great world powers, and it would be a sign of ignoble weakness, having taken such a place, to shirk its responsibilities. Therefore, unless we are willing to abandon this place, to abandon our insistance upon the Monroe doctrine, to give up the Panama canal, and to be content to acknowledge ourselves a weak and timid nation, we must steadily build up and maintain a great fighting navy. In a couple of months our fleet of great armored ships starts for the Pacific. Our fleet is going to its own home waters in the Pacific, and after a stay there it will return to its own home waters in the Atlantic."

With the Panama canal progress he seems to be well pleased. In one of his late speeches he says: "I am glad to be able to report to you how well we are doing with the canal. The success so far has been astonishing, and we have not met with a single one of the accidents or drawbacks which I freely confess I expected we should from time to time encounter. In the month of August last we excavated over 1,200,000 cubic yards of earth and rock, a greater amount than in any previous month. If we are able to keep up substantially the rate of progress that now obtains, we shall finish the actual digging within five or six years."

Wonderful Achievement.

One of the most noteworthy events of a time fruitful in remarkable applications of science to the ordinary purposes of men was the inauguration a short time since of wireless communication across the Atlantic for commercial and press purposes, the realization of years of dreaming and working on the part of the great Italian inventor, Marconi. The stations between which the communication was established are Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, and Cliffden, in Ireland. The transmission of despatches was carried on without any hitch, and ten thousand words were sent, the first day. Since then despatches have been sent regularly. This great achievement has not been brought to its present stage of completion without long thought and labor. It is now nearly six years since Marconi sent the first clear and intelligible signals across the Atlantic from Poldhu, in Cornwall, to a temporary station near St. Johns, in Newfoundland. That was in December, 1901.

Earlier in the same year, namely, in January, he had as an experiment established wireless communication between St. Catherine's, on the Isle of Wight, and The Lizard, in Cornwall, a distance of 183 miles. This experiment again was simply one of the steps in the demonstration of the inventor's conviction, announced nearly five years before, that he had discovered the secret by which messages might be sent through space without the assistance of wire or cables. In the course of the last six years many applications of the method over short distances have been successfully made, but it is not until the present that it has been possible to chronicle the completion of arrangements by which the steady and regular transmission of wireless messages between the continents has been secured—a circumstance upon which the distinguished inventor no less than the world he has served may fittingly be felicitated.

Well Paid Congressmen.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat wisely thinks that the new Congress should show the people of the country that it is worth what it costs. The country is disposed to be appreciative of the services of Congress and finds no fault when the legislative branch exercises the rare privilege of raising its own salary. Fifty years ago it was common for an opposition organ to twit a congressman on his opulent pay of $8 a day and mileage. The new Congress that meets in December finds its salary raised 50 per cent. A salary of $7500 a year is provided, which is $20 a day. Each member is allowed a clerk at $1500 a year, and makes his own arrangement in this particular. Mileage is liberally construed. New buildings for the special convenience of the Senate and the House, near the Capitol, are about to go into use. Their cost has been $5,000,000. In the representatives' building each member will have a fine office, and each senator a three-room suite. All expenses of maintenance are paid by the government, including that of a subway line to carry members between the Capitol and their new office buildings.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Congress, by wise action in behalf of the people, can make an ample return for the emoluments they receive. By right policies, sound economies and business-like methods, the legislative branch, holders of the purse and originators of the laws, financial and other, have a fine opportunity to be a gratifying realization of what Congress is for. The people have noisily acquiesced in the advance of salaries, the providing of special buildings and of individual clerks, all within a few years. The public servant is worthy of due reward.

Raithbone Gardner.

Before he Went Soul and Body Into the Democratic Ranks.

[From the Newport MERCURY Mar. 19, 1887.]

At the close of the address the chairman called for nominations for Governor and Mr. Raithbone Gardner of Providence in the following eloquent language nominated our esteemed townsman, Gov. Wetmore, for the standard bearer of the party for the third term:

"Mr. Chairman—I nominate as candidate for the Republican party for the office of Governor George Peabody Wetmore of Newport. [Applause.] I esteem it an honor, Mr. Chairman, to be permitted to make this nomination, for I know that Governor Wetmore, during his two years of service, has proved himself a capable, faithful and manly executive and a true gentleman. He has won the esteem of all with whom he has come in contact and the hearty respect of the people of Rhode Island. His nomination will be acceptable to the vast majority of the Republican voters of this State.

"It is true, Mr. Chairman, that Governor Wetmore not long since authorized the announcement that he was not a candidate for re-election. He had been made a subject of unworthy talk on the part of certain persons, who, assuming to speak with authority, stated that his candidacy was not acceptable to the best element of the party. Believing, as events have proved, erroneously, that these persons represented at least a portion of the Republican party, Governor Wetmore felt and said that if the Republicans of Rhode Island, who had had the opportunity to judge his acts as Governor and his character as a man, were dissatisfied with him he had no desire to force his candidacy upon them.

"Believing that he was not the free choice of the Republicans of the State, he announced his intention of withdrawing from the contest, at the same time pledging his hearty support to the nominee of the convention, whoever he might be. [Applause.]

"But, Mr. Chairman, Governor Wetmore has been undeceived. Other persons, if any such there were, who regarded the hostile comments of a little group of sneering critics as expressive of the sentiments of the Republicans of Rhode Island, have also been undeceived. This magnificent petition, eagerly signed by hundreds of the best citizens of the State, which has been sent to Governor Wetmore and which demands that he permit the use of his name at this convention, has demonstrated that he possesses in the highest degree the confidence and respect of the people of Rhode Island. [Applause.]

"It has also demonstrated that the authors of these attacks represent no one but themselves; that the Republicans of Rhode Island do not sympathize with them and decline to submit to their dictation. [Applause.]

"We are here, Mr. Chairman, to give expression to the will of the Republican voters of the State. We are not here in the interests of any man or men. We are here to further our individual aim or to express our individual preferences. We are not to be influenced by taunts of the opposition nor by the criticism of any newspaper, which, lacking the courage or the ability to define the course which in its opinion the party ought to pursue, assumes on every occasion the right to dictate what the party shall not do. [Prolonged cheers.]

"We represent the Republican party and in no way can we more acceptably represent them than by extending to George Peabody Wetmore the unanimous nomination of this convention as its candidate for Governor, and I pledge myself that he will accept the nomination so tendered."—[Applause.]

Postal Increase.

Postmaster-General Meyer made the annual meeting of the Postmasters' Association of New England the occasion for outlining some of the recommendations for the improvement of the postal service which he will submit to Congress at the forthcoming session. His suggestions will embrace such propositions as the further development of the parcels post system, the establishment of postal savings banks, the issuance of postal notes in denominations ranging from 1 cent to $2.50, and the installation throughout the country of automatic stamp-vending machines. The recommendations as to these machines will, however, depend upon the success of experiments with devices of the kind now being conducted by the department officials. Touching the parcels post, it is the intention of Mr. Meyer to urge that the maximum rate for all parcels be reduced from 16 cents to 12 cents a pound; that the limit of weight for parcels be increased from four to eleven pounds; that local parcels posts equipped with wagons or automobiles be established in cities where the free delivery system prevails, and that a special parcels post system with an extremely low charge for service be established in connection with the rural free delivery. The report of the Postmaster-General will be among the most interesting official documents of the year.

Mr. Archie Goddard has returned from his vacation.

Washington Matters.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., Oct. 25, 1907.

Santo Domingan Bond Issue to be Placed in New York—Pr.vate Railway for National Legislators—Agitation against Destruction of Trees—Notes.

What is regarded in Washington as the finest bargain offered to New York bankers in recent years will be brought by Senor Federico Velasquez, Minister of Finance for Santo Domingo, who has sailed for New York to float the long pending Dominican loan of $20,000,000, which is to be secured by a bond issue bearing five per cent. interest, practically guaranteed by the United States government, and, aside from the fact that they will be subject to taxation and that they cannot be deposited by national banks as security for government deposits or for circulation, are pronounced by the few financiers who have investigated the subject as good as United States bonds. Officers of the United States government will continue to collect the Dominican customs under the terms of the treaty ratified last session, and will pay into the hands of the trustees, who will pay the interest, and accumulate the sinking fund, $1,200,000 a year; the remainder of the custom receipts, after the cost of collection shall have been deducted, to be covered into the Dominican treasury.

The bonds must be sold at 96, will run for forty years and bear interest at 5 per cent. and may be redeemed at the end of ten years at 102½. $3,300,000 is already deposited toward the sinking fund, in the National City Bank of New York, drawing interest at 2½ per cent.

The control of the customs houses in Santo Domingo by the United States has prevented all revolutions, as was predicted by the late Secretary Hay, as the customs receipts constituted the only incentive to revolution, and thus the permanent tranquility of the Dominican Government is insured. The loan about to be floated will pay off all foreign creditors, obviating all danger of interference from other governments.

On the completion of the new office building for members of the House of Representatives, an electric railway will be installed, connecting the lobby of the new building with the House and a similar tramway will connect the new Senate office building with the Senate. It is now suggested that still further passenger service be established by the construction of a line which will connect these two links and thus facilitate passage between the House and the Senate, and every one who has had to walk the nearly seven hundred feet between the two chambers, several times in a day, will appreciate the desirability of such a line. It is claimed that with an electric railway travelling continuously from the House to the Senate office buildings and stopping under the respective chambers, the greatest saving of time and effort would be accomplished.

The agitation against the destruction of the historic Crittenden oak and other trees in the Botanic Gardens has been so great that Gen. Oliver, Acting Secretary of War, has cabled Secretary Taft in the Philippines for authority to act in the matter. Gen. Oliver, who is a member of the Grant Memorial Commission, telegraphed to Gen. Dodge, chairman of the commission, to come to Washington to consider the matter, but Gen. Dodge replied that he could not leave his home at this time; hence the cable to Secretary Taft, who is also a member of the commission, and ex-officio chairman. Gen. Oliver believes that the commission is the only body which has authority to act in the matter, but does not care to assume the sole responsibility by taking action without first hearing from some other member of the commission.

A very clever dispatch, published recently in a New York paper, has been the cause of no little excitement in administration circles, where it is felt that the freedom of the press has transgressed all patriotism and even decency in this case. The dispatch is so diabolically worded that no statement is susceptible of flat denial, and in it the President is made to appear to seek to menace Japan in ordering the battleship fleet to the Pacific coast. The dispatch goes to the length of implying that President Roosevelt will follow this step by precipitating hostilities between the two countries. It is superfluous to say that the paper which carries this late is antagonistic to Mr. Roosevelt and his progressive policies, and seeks in this way to mislead its readers and to injure the President. The fact that the newspaper itself is far too intelligent to believe the nonsense it seeks to palm off on its readers as fact, renders such an act all the more culpable in its audacity, and has excited no little comment in official circles.

A scheme which contemplates the remodeling of the House of Representatives is proposed by Representative Boutell of Illinois, whereby all the desks from the floor of the House will be removed and chairs substituted, arranged in the form of an amphitheatre, and whereby the House galleries could be materially enlarged and made to accommodate nearly double the number they now seat. An increase of the space in the rear of the House is also provided for so as to afford room for the numerous callers who are now compelled to crowd the narrow corridor outside the main door while waiting to talk to members. Mr. Boutell is in Washington consulting with Architect Woods of the Capitol, about his scheme.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for part of the approaching winter the furnished villa on Gibbs avenue, known as the "Kedge," with stable and grounds for James A. Swan to Albert Lewis of Bear Creek, Pennsylvania.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented the furnished cottage at corner of Bellevue avenue and Perry street for Mrs. Clermont L. Best to Rev. Oscar F. Moore of Emmanuel Church for the winter season.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented the furnished cottage at 119 Church street for Miss Lumsden of St. Augustine, for the winter, to Mr. Walter A. Hill who used to reside there and who is returning from abroad.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for the Gibbs Land Company the following tracts of land situated on the easterly side of Eustis Avenue, and running parallel with the Waterworks embankment, viz, 42,500 square feet to Professor Raphael Pumpelly, 45,000 feet to Mr. Arthur B. Emmons, 15,000 feet to Mrs. Hope Ives Powel, all three having villas on Gibbs Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt will spend the winter abroad.

Rear Admiral and Mrs. Stephen B. Luce are entertaining Mrs. T. P. Kane.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Oct. 26, 1907.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent October 26 to 30, warm wave 25 to 29, cool wave 28 to Nov. 1. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Oct. 30, cross west of Rockies country by close of 31, great central valley Nov. 1 to 3, eastern states 4. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about Oct. 30, great central valleys Nov. 1, eastern states 3. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about Nov. 2, great central valleys 4, eastern states 6

Very severe weather will come with this disturbance. The steady and powerful electrical currents of that great planet Jupiter will take complete control of earth's magnetic system and, aided by that swift moving planet Mercury, will so affect our atmosphere that all weather events will go to extremes.

About time this disturbance is passing, eastward bound, warm weather will prevail, severe storms will follow with rains, then snows in northern sections, closing the disturbance with a cold wave that will carry frosts far into the southern states.

About the time this cold wave appears tropical storms may be expected off or along our southern coasts. These storms may not reach their greatest force till a few days later, but I cannot too earnestly call attention to the extreme storm influences that will prevail during first half of November. I expect very great extremes of weather from November 2 to 14.

Immediately following Oct. 26 will come a great rise in temperatures, weather events will become more marked, followed by several days of quiet, merging into Indian summer.

No Other Candidate.

At the Republican State Convention held in Providence on October 10, a full representation being present from every town and city in the State, the following resolution was unanimously passed by a rising vote:

"We heartily approve of the recent action of the Republican State Central Committee in endorsing the candidacy of the Hon. George Peabody Wetmore of Newport for the high office of United States Senator from the State of Rhode Island. While the welfare of the State is so closely linked with that of the United States Government, in the large naval training, torpedo and coaling stations, together with the important fortifications and Government reservations at the mouth of Narragansett Bay, and while there is the urgent demand for improved channel and harbor facilities at the head of Narragansett Bay, in order to render the city of Providence, as it is entitled to be by its situation, the first city in New England, the State of Rhode Island can ill afford to choose an inexperienced man who is not affiliated with the dominant party in that body, to the United States Senate. We urge upon the electors of this State the importance, for the permanent future development of this State, of electing a General Assembly who shall secure to this State the influential and intelligent services of Senator Wetmore for another term in the Senate, and we hereby pledge to his candidacy our loyal support."

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

OCTOBER 1907. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn		High water Eve.	
26 Sat	6 22	5 8	3 54	10 51	11 22		
27 Sun	6 23	5 6	4 41	11 40			
28 Mon	6 24	5 4	10 58	12 25	12 35		
29 Tues	6 25	5 2	11 55	1 28	1 55		
30 Wed	6 26	5 0	mo'n	2 28	2 34		
31 Thurs	6 27	4 59	0 31	3 22	3 31		
1 Fri	6 28	4 58	1 35	4 08	4 10		

New Moon, 5th day, 5h. 39m., evening.
First Quarter, 12th day, 0h. 14m., evening.
Full Moon, 19th day, 7h. 4m., evening.
Last Quarter, 27th day, 11h. 21m. evening.

CHOICE COUNTRY RESIDENCE

For Sale. Superior House

On East Road, Middletown, R. I. On the Trolley line. With all modern accommodations, heating and plumbing. Also large Stable and 1 1-4 acres of land. Easy distance from Newport, one of the most beautiful houses in Middletown. Apply to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Deaths.

In this city, 24th inst., at the residence of her son-in-law, Joseph T. Allen, 86 Pope street, Elizabeth Siddall, in her 85th year.

In this city, 24th inst., Margaret Gary, (McGann) aged 90 years.

Suddenly, in this city, 20th inst., Dennis Casey.

In this city, 20th inst., at his residence, 617 Thames street, Dennis E. Murphy.

In this city, 21st inst., Charles H. Rawls, aged 32 years.

In this city, 23 October, Frederick Bradley, in the 58th year of his age.

In Middletown, 19th inst., Anthony E., son of Alphonso D. and Laura A. Johnson, in the 19th year of his age.

In Little Compton, 20th inst., Emily J., wife of George W. Butler, aged 66 years, 4 months.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION
GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE
Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Grant's Last Days.

Dr. George F. Shrady, one of General Grant's physicians in his last illness, and in frequent attendance upon him, has written for early publication in The Century of "General Grant's Last Days," putting on record interesting details relating to Grant's last months, of which no adequate account has previously been written.

Portsmouth.

The tax book for the past year has just been printed at the MERCURY office and is a handsome volume, characteristic of the good work done at that office. From the report of taxpayers in the town it appears that Alfred G. Vanderbilt is the largest taxpayer, paying a tax on $288,300. Henry A. C. Taylor comes next, being taxed for $265,300 property. Miss Sarah J. Eddy is third, being taxed for $181,300, and Reginald Vanderbilt fourth. He is taxed for $168,500. The following is a list of all those who pay a tax on $6000 and upwards:

NAME.	TOTAL VALUE OF PROPERTY.	TAX.
Almy, Daniel B.	$6,000	$36.00
Almy, Edward	7,000	42.00
Albro, William G.	7,000	42.00
Anthony, Henry C.	52,700	316.20
Anthony, Benjamin S.	14,500	87.00
Anthony, Ellen M.	7,000	42.00
Austin, Mary E.	9,000	54.00
Bailey, William E. & others	6,000	36.00
Ballou, Barton A.	18,200	109.20
Barker, Jacob Alton	7,000	42.00
Barstow, Catherine A.	80,000	450.00
Birckhead, Sarah K.	21,000	144.00
Borden, John L.	21,000	126.00
Boyd, Leander	9,000	54.00
Brown, William J.	9,300	55.80
Brownell, Benjamin E.	13,700	82.20
Chase, William A.	6,500	39.00
Chase, Luther P.	10,000	60.00
Chase, Alfred C.	7,000	42.00
Chase, John F.	9,000	54.00
Chase, Hattie	7,000	42.00
Chase, Heirs of Chas. A.	21,000	126.00
Chase, Constant W.	12,400	74.40
Coggeshall, Peleg A.	13,500	81.00
Coggeshall, George B.	13,500	81.00
Coggeshall, Joseph, estate	7,000	42.00
Coggeshall, David, estate	7,800	46.80
Coggeshall, John P., estate	7,000	42.00
Company, The Fisheries'	70,000	420.00
Company, N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.	122,800	736.80
Company, Old Colony Street Railway	120,000	720.00
Company, Newport & Prov. R. R.	54,150	324.90
Company, Portsmouth Realty	10,000	60.00
Cornell, John	10,000	60.00
Cory, William H.	15,000	90.00
De Costa, Joseph	8,500	51.00
De Costa, Antone	10,500	63.00
Dunn, William J.	13,500	81.00
Eddy, Sarah J.	183,300	1,099.80
Fales, William B.	16,000	96.00
Greene, Cornelius S.	12,500	75.00
Hall, Robert D.	17,000	102.00
Hall, George P.	7,000	42.00
Hall, Benjamin, Jr.	84,800	277.60
Hall, Herbert F.	16,000	96.00
Hall, George Gardner	18,000	108.00
Hazard, Barclay	49,000	294.00
Hicks, Horace B.	11,000	66.00
Holman, Thomas	9,800	58.80
Howe, Julia Ward	6,000	36.00
Kieran, Patrick	7,500	45.00
Lawrence, Albert	10,000	60.00
Lopes, Antonio M.	10,000	60.00
Macomber, Richard R.	18,000	108.00
Macomber, Isaac B.	6,000	36.00
Mayer, Evelyn May	6,000	36.00
Mott, Alfred J.	6,700	40.20
Mott, William B.	13,000	78.00
Newport Water Works	34,925	209.55
Norman, George H.	7,500	45.00
Norman, Bradford	97,500	585.00
Norman, Reginald	54,000	324.00
Rice, George M., estate	20,000	120.00
Rogers, Eliza L.	6,000	36.00
Sanford, Frances	10,500	63.00
Sisson, Alfred, estate	14,500	87.00
Sisson, William L.	20,500	123.00
Sisson, Elbert A.	7,000	42.00
Sisson, Charles S., estate	10,200	61.20
Sowle, Job	11,000	66.00
Sowle, Walter A. & Wm. T. H.	10,500	63.00
Swan, Richard W., estate	8,000	48.00
Taylor, Henry A. C.	265,300	1,591.80
Thurston, Sarah E.	12,000	72.00
Vanderbilt, Alfred G.	288,000	1,728.00
Vanderbilt, Reginald C.	168,600	1,011.00
Whitridge, John C.	13,500	81.00
Wheeler, Mary C.	7,000	42.00
Wilbur, Augustus L.	7,700	46.20
PRUDENCE & OTHER ISLANDS.		
Arnold, Frank S.	$6,500	$42.00
Herreshoff, Sarah	14,000	84.00
Hunter, Charles, estate	6,000	36.00
Payne, Oliver H.	65,000	390.00
Knight, Katharine M., Hog Island	25,500	153.00
Greene, Anna M., Patience Island	7,000	42.00

NOTICE.

CANVASS.

THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN of the City of Newport, will be in session as a Board of Canvassers at their Chamber in the City Hall, on

Wednesday, October 30, 1907,

AT 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.,

for the purpose of canvassing, correcting and completing the WARD LISTS of Voters in Newport, for the WARD MEETINGS to be holden on TUESDAY, the Fifth day of November, 1907.

Witness my hand,
F. N. FULLERTON,
City Clerk.
10-19 2w

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

OF

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.
SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST
—AND—
Dispensing Optician.
Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.
Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—5:30 p. m.

SLUMP IN FINANCE

Will Not Affect the Policies Advocated by Roosevelt

SAYS HE IS NOT TO BLAME

Wants to Put a Stop to Process of "Gaining Wealth by Successful Dishonesty"--Practical Use of Decalogue and Golden Rule

Nashville, Oct. 23.—"I doubt if the policies for which I stand, to punish successful dishonesty, have had any material effect in bringing about the present financial trouble. But if they have it will not alter in the slightest degree my determination to persevere unswervingly in these policies for the remaining 16 months of my term."

In substantially these words President Roosevelt told an immense concourse of Tennessee citizens that cries of "wolf" from Wall street will not swerve him from the work of reform which he has undertaken. The declaration was received with cheers, and marked the culmination of his visit to this city.

Continuing his speech, the president said:

"I will permit neither the demagogue upon one side nor the reactionary on the other to drive me away from the course of policy which I regard most vital for the well-being of this nation.

"I want to see the process, the process of gaining wealth by 'successful' dishonesty, stopped before it goes so far as to invite the very reaction of which I speak. And the man of property, the man of great means, will do well in turn, and in the loftiest way back up a rational movement for reform; a rational movement for such supervision and control over the use, over the accumulation and business use of these great fortunes, and will, if not eliminate, at least minimize the evil of which I complain.

"Such a movement as that in which we are now engaged is not in the least undertaken with any vindictive purpose. It is undertaken to cure evils and to prevent their recurrence.

"If the beneficiaries of those evils succeed, which they will not do, they will not succeed—but if they did succeed in stopping the movement it will merely mean that in a very few years it would break forth again, and that in time it would be in the control of men who would legislate with a vindictive purpose, who would legislate and act as executives with the desire to hurt and damage the men at whom the movement was not aimed.

"There is no movement in its proper sense that can more properly be described as conservative—using the word with its real significance—than the movement for the proper supervision and control in the interest of the general public of those colossal fortunes which singly or in combination are of such tremendous importance in the modern industrial world.

"Our whole movement is simply and solely to make the decalogue and the golden rule of some practical moment in the business life of the community."

No Danger of Panic, Says Bryan

New York, Oct. 22.—William J. Bryan delivered three addresses in New York yesterday, the final one before a large audience at Cooper Union on "The Democracy of Today." Bryan expressed the belief that there would be no panic so long as conditions remain as they are. He said that individuals and heads of big corporations may have difficulties, but anything like a panic is not possible.

Victim of Unknown Hunter

Tunbridge, Vt., Oct. 24.—Aurin Porter, aged 17 years, died as the result of a shooting accident near the village. While hunting he was mistaken for a deer and shot by some person unknown. A companion assisted the boy to reach his home, but he lost so much blood that it was impossible to save his life.

Receiver For Mining Company

Washington, Oct. 23.—Eugene Davis and Edward C. Bryan, vice president and treasurer, respectively, of the Capueaya Mining company, were indicted by the grand jury for false pretences, embezzlement and conspiracy. Justice Gould appointed J. F. Laskey receiver.

John Mitchell Seriously Sick

Indianapolis, Oct. 23.—John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers of America, who is in the hospital at La Salle, Ills., where he recently underwent an operation, is suffering greatly and growing weaker and more nervous.

For Benefit of Orphan Girls

Philadelphia, Oct. 23.—The will of Robert N. Carson, a millionaire of this city, who died suddenly in a theatre here last week, provides for a $5,000,000 institution for orphan girls, patterned after Girard college.

Record Cargo of Cotton

Boston, Oct. 21.—The cargo of cotton carried out by the Leyland liner Winifredian, which sailed for Liverpool, is said to have been the largest ever shipped from this port. It amounted to 8000 bales.

Jury Failed to Agree

South Paris, Me., Oct. 24.—The jury in the case of Wallace G. Everett, accused of the murder of Edgar Radcliffe at Paris Hill, reported a disagreement.

Crew Want to Leave Ship

Stonington, Conn., Oct. 25.—The crew of schooner C. B. Wood, with lumber from St. John, have refused to discharge the cargo, owing to the refusal of Captain Bishop to discharge them. The men claim that on the voyage down the vessel became leaky and on this account they do not want to continue because of alleged unseaworthiness.

BRAVED A STORM

The Trust Company of America Stands a Two Days' Run

WAS CENTRE OF FLURRY

Three State Banks Forced to Suspend Payment--Noted Financiers Relieve Market by Dumping Millions Into Stock Exchange

New York, Oct. 25.—As a result of yesterday's developments in the financial world there is every indication that the crisis in the banking and trust company situation has been safely passed.

The Trust Company of America all through the day's banking hours paid out money to depositors as rapidly as possible and closed the day with all demands having been met. A very favorable feature of the situation respecting this company was that it was able to make its payments with very little assistance, and another was that the company received over its counters in the morning hours in ordinary deposits more than $1,000,000.

It is the general impression in financial circles that this company, having withstood a two-days' run with so little trouble, is undoubtedly in good condition to continue its business. In fact the company and its its affairs are not considered as a factor any longer in the general situation. As the Trust Company of America had been the center of the recent financial storm it is accepted that the ability it has thus shown to weather the storm is a clear indication that the financial sky has cleared and that a period of fair weather is now well in sight.

The day was marked by three noteworthy episodes. First came the announcement of trouble in three minor state banks in the outlying districts of Harlem—the Hamilton bank, the Twelfth Ward bank and the Empire City Savings bank. These banks transacted only a neighborhood business, and their suspension of payment was absolutely without significance as bearing on the general situation. Although these banks were obliged to close because of lack of ready cash, State Bank Examiner Judson declared that all three were solvent and that their depositors would lose nothing.

The second episode was a rather more serious run inaugurated against the Lincoln Trust company. The run against this company was steady throughout the day, but was not serious at any time and the sums withdrawn were not large. It is an uptown institution, with a great many women depositors, and it carried mainly personal household accounts. The run against it was without importance to the city's banking interests as a whole.

By far the most notable, even dramatic, episode of the day was the emptying of millions of money into the Stock Exchange through a pool headed by J. P. Morgan and other financiers in order to avert a ruthless selling out of stocks held by brokers, which was threatened because of their inability to obtain renewals of loans on which these stocks had been carried.

A remarkable condition brought about this extreme stringency in money, which had gradually forced the interest rate up to an almost unprecedented figure. Certain large interests of great financial resources had been charging recently what was in effect, if not legally, usurious rates of interest on call loans.

One institution that had been engaged in this practice was itself a member of the clearing house and was severely criticised by other bankers for its action, on the ground that this added an unnecessary complication and strain to the money situation. As a result of the criticism this institution withdrew its support and declined to offer money on call on the Stock Exchange. The effect of this was to run the rate for money up to 100 percent, and when that figure was quoted an extremely sharp decline resulted in the stock market, Union Pacific, a 10 percent stock, selling down to par.

Notwithstanding the high rate for call money that might have been obtained, the National City bank, John D. Rockefeller personally, and other prominent moneyed interests sent funds to the Stock Exchange to be lent at the normal rate of 6 percent. These sums, however, were not sufficient to meet the demand and for a time there was great confusion and hurried selling of stocks on the exchange. At the time when the excitement was at its height the announcement was made that a pool had been formed with J. P. Morgan at its head to come to the rescue of the brokers for whom it was necessary to provide funds at once in order that they might carry the stocks they were holding for their customers. The Morgan pool brought about $25,000,000 into the loan corner of the exchange, where it was quickly distributed in such lots as would be most effective in rendering support.

The effect of this relief measure was instantaneous and the rate on call money dropped from 100 percent to 10 percent. Stocks advanced more rapidly than they had declined and it was only a few minutes until the rally was complete. Seldom if ever had the veterans of finance seen a great situation saved so quickly and so effectively by such a Napoleonic stroke. When the Stock Exchange closed everyone was getting all the money he wanted.

The close was marked by a memorable scene in which the brokers gathered around the principal trading posts and gave three cheers for J. P. Morgan and the members of the pool which had saved the day.

The aggregate amount of money contributed yesterday in order to weather the storm and restore confidence assumes truly colossal proportions. Roughly estimated, it includes $25,000,000 which Secretary Cortelyou deposited in the New York banks, $25,000,000 which the Morgan pool brought to the floor of the Stock Exchange, $10,000,000 which John D. Rockefeller deposited with the Union Trust company as a means of stemming the tide at the Trust Company of America, and finally another $50,000,000 which, it is understood, Rockefeller stood ready to advance to meet any further stress of conditions, in all considerable in excess of $100,000,000.

At midnight Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou said: "The situation has improved so much that I shall make no statement."

Ridgely's Assuring Statement

Washington, Oct. 24.—Comptroller of the Currency Ridgely late yesterday gave out a statement saying that the general feeling indicates an absolutely sound situation, that there is not the slightest need of apprehension about the banks and trust companies of the country, that the banks of the reserve cities have every disposition to leave their balances in New York and other central reserve cities, and attributes the trouble in New York to the condition of a very few concerns discredited by the operations of their officers and to the different prices of stocks and securities as between New York city and the country banks.

Opening of Big Canal

Sterling, Ills., Oct. 25.—At 2 p. m. yesterday T. J. Henderson opened the gate which permitted the waters to flow through the Illinois-Mississippi canal. This marked the completion of work on the $7,500,000 government undertaking which was started by Henderson 25 years ago. Congressmen Caldwell, Lowden and Lorimer, Senator Hopkins, Governor Dineen and other prominent men were present and made addresses.

Swift Loses Command of Ship

Washington, Oct. 25.—The unexpired portion of the sentence suspending from duty Captain Swift, who was in command of the battleship Connecticut when it went aground on Culebra island, has been remitted. The court of inquiry sentenced Swift to one year suspension from duty, which later was remitted to nine months. He had served six months of the time. He will be assigned to duty other than commanding a ship.

Breach of Contract Cost $100,000

Washington, Oct. 24.—The Hartford Manufacturing company of Hartford, which had the contract up to July 1 last for manufacturing stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers, made a cash payment to Postmaster General Meyer of $100,000 as a settlement for all damages and injuries which the postoffice department may have sustained by reason of the company's failure to furnish paper up to the contract.

Barely Escaped With Lives

Louisburg, N. S., Oct. 24.—Captain Maloney and crew of 18 men of the wrecked Gloucester fishing schooner Sceptre were taken off Scatterie island yesterday. The Sceptre was hastily abandoned and as the dories reached the shore they were smashed to pieces. The Sceptre had 70,000 pounds of fresh fish aboard, and 20 minutes after she struck the rocks she went to pieces.

Indian Outbreak Checked

Pierre, S. D., Oct. 25.—Reports from the Cheyenne river Indian reservation say that the threatened outbreak of Ute Indians yesterday was controlled before dark by the Indian police of the reservation. The Utes showed signs of starting serious trouble, and the situation became so threatening that the officers in charge called for troops to control the uneasy redskins.

Receivers Asked For Steel Company

Birmingham, Ala., Oct. 25.—Application for the appointment of a receiver for the Southern Steel company was filed in the United States court here by attorneys representing creditors. The petition alleges that the company is insolvent and has admitted its inability to pay its debts. The Southern Steel company is capitalized at $25,000,000.

Locomotive Hit Three Men

Boston, Oct. 23.—Jeremiah Cowle, aged 55, died last night as the result of being struck by a locomotive. Cowle, with William Colbert and Edward Dunn, were picking up coal in the railroad yards, when all three men were struck by a passing locomotive. It is expected the two other men will recover.

Bryan and the Presidency

Troy, N. Y., Oct. 25.—William J. Bryan says, regarding a dispatch from Omaha that his brother-in-law, Thomas Allen, has declared Bryan a candidate for the presidency next year, that he did not believe Allen had said such a thing, but if he had the statement was entirely unauthorized by him.

No Union Labels on Bread

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 23.—Worcester Hebrew master bakers have refused to stick union labels on their bread as demanded by the journeymen bakers, and have begun selling bread at rates reduced 1 cent a loaf and rolls 2 cents a dozen. Five bakeries are affected by the reduction.

Abstracted Naval Secrets

Toulon, Oct. 25.—Ensign Ullme of the French navy was arrested here, charged with being a spy. He confessed to having abstracted a secret signal book and the naval cipher.

Suicide of Young Farmer

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 25.—The body of Otis E. Chandler, a farmer, aged 28, was found in Hilton pond, at Auburn, after a search. It is supposed that Chandler jumped into the pond while temporarily insane.

Daily Paper Suspends Publication

Boston, Oct. 25.—The Boston Daily Tribune, started Jan. 1, 1907, as a financial sheet by C. F. King and converted into a regular morning newspaper on Sept. 16, suspended issue this morning.

Robbers Blew Up Three Safes

New Haven, Oct. 25.—Four burglars entered the postoffice at North Haven and, after blowing open three safes, got away with several hundred dollars in money and stamps.

TEN MEN DROWNED

Swept From Dories During a Fearful Squall on Georges Shoal

Tangier, Oct. 25.—Mogador was occupied yesterday afternoon by 300 French marines, operating in conjunction with a Moorish force under Ghazi Pasha, a general in the service of Sultan Abd-el-Aziz.

Mogador is on the Atlantic coast of Morocco, due west of Morocco City, where Mulai Hafid has had his headquarters and where he was proclaimed sultan of the south. It is in the district in which his forces have been operating. The recent disturbances in the southern part of the empire, including the fight of Oct. 17 between the armies of Abd-el-Aziz and Mulai Hafid, in which the latter was victorious, made it desirable to send an expedition to Mogador. A number of French warships left Tangier for the south four days ago and two days ago 500 Moors under Ghazi Pasha went south by sea, with Mogador as their objective.

Receivers For Menhaden Combine

Providence, Oct. 24.—Ancillary receivers have been appointed for the Fisheries company, otherwise known as the Menhaden combine, by Judge Brown in the United States circuit court. The company is incorporated in New Jersey, but its largest plant is located in Tiverton, this state, where it has property valued at $63,000. The corporation owns numerous plants for extracting and manufacturing oil and fertilizer from fish, principally menhaden, along the Atlantic coast.

Staging Was Overweighted

Lowell, Mass., Oct. 24.—The collapse of a staging on the Shedd building brought death to John Gargan and Manuel Groome, and seriously injured Albert Cayer and Archie Perren. The men were at work on the fourth story of the building. A huge window capstone had just been placed on the staging. Its weight proved too much for the structure to support and it collapsed and the men crashed down a distance of 50 feet to the street.

Thought Friend Was a Bear

Middlebury, Vt., Oct. 24.—Seth McCalvin of Braintree, who shot and killed his hunting companion, Rollin F. Forbes of Northfield, in the woods near Granville, mistaking him for a bear, was held for the grand jury on a charge of manslaughter. Bonds of $1000 were furnished by C. H. Dickerman, who was with Forbes when the shooting occurred. McCalvin's shot struck Forbes in the back of the head, killing him instantly.

Wedded Late In Life

Boston, Oct. 23.—Rear Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, U. S. N., retired, was married to Miss Gertrude Wilds of Jamestown, R. I., the ceremony being performed at the Hotel Abbotsford. The only witnesses were a few of the bride's relatives and the four sons of the admiral. Mrs. Selfridge, who is wealthy, is 65 years old, while Selfridge is 72. The couple left on a wedding journey immediately after the ceremony.

Must Look Out For Defects

Boston, Oct. 25.—That it is obligatory upon telephone, telegraph and electric light companies to inspect their poles for interior defects which can be discovered by reasonable inspection, and that such companies are liable for damages for injuries to employes caused by the falling of rotten poles, was decreed in a decision handed down in the United States circuit court of appeals.

The Manchester, N. H., police are keeping up their crusade against persons who break the city ordinance by spitting on the floors of public places.

BABY WASTED TO MERE SKELETON

In Torments a Year and a Half with Terrible Sores on Face and Body —Hands Tied to Stop Scratching and Tearing at Flesh—But

CURE BY CUTICURA COMPLETE AND SPEEDY

"My little son, when about a year and a half old began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician. Still he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad I had to tie his hands in cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk. My aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. So great was her faith in it that she gave me a small piece of Cuticura Soap to try and a little Cuticura Ointment. I took it home without any faith, but to please her I tried it, and it seemed to dry up the sores a little. I went to the drug store and got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment and followed the directions, and at the end of about two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since. He is now strong and healthy, and I can sincerely say that only for your most wonderful remedies my precious child would have died from those terrible sores. I used only one cake of Soap and about three boxes of Ointment. Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, R. F. D., No. 1, Woodville, Conn., April 22, 1905."

ITCHING PIMPLES

Cured by Cuticura in Nebraska.

"I had suffered with itching pimples for years. At last a friend told me to get Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I did so and in three weeks my face was entirely cured. I am so pleased with Cuticura Remedies that I will recommend them to other sufferers. Mrs. Florence Delavergne, R. F. D. No. 2, Auburn, Neb., Aug. 28, 1906."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c.), for in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills 25c. per vial of 60) to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

Mailed Free, How to Cure Every Humor.

More Money Attracts More Money

One cannot push to the front ranks of financial success unless he starts in the right direction. Habit is powerful, and once you begin to save money, you'll find it easier to make regular, substantial deposits. Why not open an account with us now? It will earn

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Complete Line of all the New Shapes in HATS,

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Everything in MILLINERY found here.

CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

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Newly furnished suites with bath up to date.

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Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

6-8 Real Estate Agent.

"When Summer Dies."

"Summer's left us!" chirps the cricket;
Autumn's going, too;
Mid the treetops in the thicket
Peeps the gray sky through,
Where the leaves have fallen, dying
At the North Wind's call;
O'er the sunless mould they're lying.
Drear as funeral pall.

So my earthly hopes have perished,
Slowly, day by day;
All my human heart had cherished,
Till I scarce can pray.
Oh, what fervid pledges broken!
Oh, what radiance fled;
Nought seems left but memory's token,
Where I mourn my dead.

. . . . . .

Lo! O'er nature's desolation,
Dawns one cloudless day,
When the glory of creation
Bears my soul away,
Till I view celestial gardens
'Neath a sky of gold,
Where bright seraphs are the warders,
E'en as bards foretold.

There is no frost the verdure chilleth,
Wild winds make no moan;
Never blight the beauty killeth,
And no monotone
Like a hopeless wail of evil
Sounds its mournful dirge;
No more fears of flesh or devil
Through my being surge.

. . . . . .

Thitherward my steps I'm turning,
Never more to roam;
With bright hope my heart is burning,
There to make my home.

—Josephine Curtis Woodbury.

A Waist-Button "Wrastle."

"I'll be ready, John, just as quick as you come and button my waist for me."

"Yes, dear."

"Don't begin at the bottom, John. You can't button a waist from the bottom. Begin at the top—in the collar there."

"All right," said John cheerfully.

Pause.

"What's the matter, John? Can't you find the buttonholes?"

"There, I've got the first one," said John triumphantly. "By, Jingo, I haven't, either. I've got it buttoned into a hole in the lace. I'll have to unfasten it. There—now we're getting along."

"You're awfully clumsy, John. How many buttons have you got fastened?"

"I've got one, all right," he declared. "This lace collar is the hardest part of it. I guess it'll be plain sailing as soon as I get that done."

"Well, let me see if I can do that," she said a little impatiently, twisting around before the mirror and putting both hands back of her neck.

"You've got the second one buttoned into the third hole," said John, watching her manipulations. "Maybe I can fix it now; my fingers are rested."

"Well, for goodness sake, hurry, or we'll be late. I'm getting all tired out standing up here, and my hair's coming out of curl. Can't you hurry a little?"

"I'm hurrying as fast as I can," he suggested amiably. "It's new work for me, you know. I don't see what they make waists button up the back for, anyway."

"Have you got all four buttons of the collar fastened?"

"Are there four of them? By gracious, I thought there were only three! I missed the third one—the collar's folded down so. I'll have to unfasten the last one and button the third."

"Well, John Dixon, you are smart! Didn't I tell you there were four buttons on the collar?"

"I didn't hear you, dear," he said, meekly. "Don't twist around so. You'll have the second one out next. There—I thought you would. Now I've got to begin all over."

"My face is getting so red I'm ashamed to go anywhere," she began, dabbing some powder on her nose. "How far down are you now?"

"Don't raise your arms up that way," he cautioned her. "You make it gape in the back, and I can't button it at all. There—the collar's all done now, dearie. Just a few minutes more. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—" he counted slowly. "Only seven or eight more. Now! That's all but the hook and eye."

"What makes that little bulge up there near the top?" she inquired, looking sideways into the mirror. "Well, I declare, John Dixon, if you haven't missed one of the top buttons, and got it all buttoned crooked! Well, you are a smart one!"

"That don't make any difference," said John soothingly. "Nobody will ever notice that."

"Now, John Dixon, if you think I'm going downtown with a bump on my back like a camel and my waist buttoned crooked, you'd mistaken! Besides, I'm so warm and tired I don't care whether I go now or not—so there! You can unbutton the whole thing, and I'll take it off and stay at home."

Tears.

"For goodness sake don't cry over a little thing like that," said John in distress. "I'll button it up again in a jiffy."

"I'm not crying over the waist. I'm crying because you're so cross and mean and hateful. Don't start to button it up again. I don't want it buttoned."

"I wouldn't act like that, dear," he protested. "There isn't any use quarreling about a little thing like buttoning a waist!"

"I'm not quarreling," she declared tearfully. "I've stood up here for half an hour, until I'm all tired out, and I've been just as patient as I can be, and you say I am quarreling."

More tears.

"Haven't you got another waist that buttons easier?" he suggested. "Maybe I could button another one in a minute."

"No, I haven't," she said. "They all button down the back."

"Then I guess we'll have to give it up," he admitted. "I'll telephone down and tell them not to hold the tickets."

"John Dixon, do you mean to say you're going to miss that performance because you're so stupid you can't button my waist for me?"

"I don't see how I can button it if you won't let me try," said John, meekly.

"Who said anything about not letting you try?" she retorted tartly. "The trouble is you didn't want to be bothered about it in the first place, and you didn't try."

Two or three minutes later it was all done. John bent over and kissed her. "If you had tried in the first place, dear," she said, "instead of being impatient with me, and not caring, we would have been spared all this bother."

"I know, I know," he agreed humbly. "But it's all right now, isn't it?"

"I do hope my eyes won't be red," she murmured. "And John, tell me, is my hat on straight?"—James W. Foley, in Success Magazine.

Mr. Speck—Stocks are lower than they have been for years.

Mrs. Speck—Oh, dear, no hubby; why, they're wearing them higher than ever.—Baltimore American.

Sherman's Eloquent Invective.

Commonplace citizens, which includes most of us, see the famous man through a veil which diguises his actions. The Schurz Memoirs in the November McClure's unveil a great deal of most interesting history, and at close range we see the great men who fought for the life of the Union as peppery as schoolboys. At the close of a splendid career General Sherman had the misfortune to make terms of surrender to Johnston which aroused popular indignation and brought censure from Washington. His fellow-officers had gathered at headquarters to hear the telegrams from the Secretary of War.

"They were all in a disturbed state of mind at the turn affairs had taken, and had come to get from Sherman the latest news. They sat or stood around in rather mute expectation. But Sherman was not mute. He paced up and down the room like a caged lion, and, without addressing anybody in particular, unbosomed himself with an eloquence of furious invective which for a while made us all stare. He lashed the Secretary of War as a mean, scheming, vindictive politician who made it his business to rob military men of the credit earned by exposing their lives in the service of their country. He berated the people who blamed him for what he had done as a mass of fools not worth fighting for, who did not know when a thing was well done. He railed at the press, which had altogether to much freedom; which had become an engine of vilification; which should be bridled by severe laws, so that the fellows who wielded too loose a pen might be put behind bars—and so on, and so on.

"A foreigner unacquainted with the American character and American ways, hearing this wild outburst, might have believed that here was the beginning of a mutiny of a victorious general against his government. But we who knew Sherman to be one of the most loyal souls in America were troubled by it only because we feared that by a similar volcanic eruption in public he might seriously compromise his character before the people."

The Divinity that Shapes our Ends.

Whatever opinion one may have of his sincerity, the closing chapter of Orchard's autobiography in the November McClure's stands out as a remarkable human document. In fiction a story must be made plausible, it is the delightful incredibility of fact which makes it so entertaining. In a series of articles giving his life history, the coolness of the calculations by which Orchard destroyed his fellow-creatures is a fact continually emphasizing itself. "I had figured out a good many ways how to get away with him and not get caught," is his ever-recurring refrain.

Then came his last and most important "job," the killing of the governor of the State. There is no slightest sign of over-confidence; on the contrary, he realized that Governor Steunenberg was an extra hazardous risk, and his plans were made with more than usual precaution. Yet when he heard the explosion, the signal of success, it was as though an invisible power had securely bound and gagged him, and he was helpless. With much telltale evidence in his room and compromising letters in his pockets, he was powerless to act. "Something came across me I cannot explain, and I seemed to lose my reasoning power for the time and left everything just as they were." The last chapter of this singular and sanguinary career is worth perusal.

Willie's Question.

Father had finished his supper and picked up the daily paper, when Willie, who is a living question mark, commenced in a drawling monotone, showing that he was thinking and that something heavy was weighing on his mind and needed parental enlightenment;

"Papa; oh papa!"

"Well, what is it, son?"

"Do they make whalebone out of whales?"

"Yes, son," said his father.

"Then do they make sealing wax out of seals?"

Father paid no attention.

"Papa, are people of Greece greaser?"

No answer.

"Then I suppose, people of Cork are corkers."

The paper was very interesting.

Since papa discouraged him, he turned to his mother and asked, "Do squaws wear war hoops?"

"Willie, it is time for you to go to bed," said his father severely.

Willie started, but at the stair door turned and innocently asked, "Is my little trundle bed a boy-cott?"—Kansas City Independent.

The Life of the Oysterman.

The life of the oysterman is by no means an easy one. At the first sign of dawn, in all kinds of weather, except when the river is frozen, the oysterman leaves his home, and if the breeze is fair sails to the oyster grounds; if not, he rows the six or eight miles to his working grounds. Arriving there, he drops his anchor and puts his tongs overboard. All day long he manipulates them with varying results. Sometimes he finds a particular good bed, and the tongs will bring up oysters each time they are put overboard, but more often there are more stones and shells in the tongs than there are oysters, and the day's work is poor. The catch is then culled—that is, all undersized oysters and shells are cleaned out and thrown overboard; at least that is what is supposed to be done, but judging from the cargoes often brought here, the law is often a dead letter. When the catch is culled it is sold to the river boats and by them brought to market. Few oystermen market their own catch, but some own the river boats in which they are brought to market.—Washington Star.

Redd—Out in my car with a party yesterday.

Greene—Yes.

Redd—Came to a wide, deep stream which we could not ford.

Greene—No bridge you could run the machine over?

Redd—No.

Greene—What in the world did you do?

Redd—Just sat there and thought it over.—Yonkers Statesman.

"I suppose you ran for office because you wanted to serve your country?"

"Young man," answered Senator Sorghum, "I never go out of my way to contradict anybody. As a candid man I can only say that in such a case you are entitled to your own supposition."—Washington Star.

General Sherman on War and Morality.

The "Reminiscences of a Long Life" in the November McClure's are full of intimate and enlightening gossip of the great characters and events of the most stirring period of American history. These articles might well have been called "Reminiscences of a Full Life." They take the reader behind the scenes of history and show Lincoln in his moment of utter depression, great generals quarreling petulantly, Grant as a peacemaker, and so on. An interesting bit is General Sherman's own version of the looting of the troops on the march through Georgia. "The truth is," he said, "human nature is human nature. You take the best lot of young men—all church members, if you please—and put them into an army, and let them invade the enemy's country and live upon it for any length of time, and they will gradually lose all principle and self-restraint to a degree beyond the control of discipline. It always has been and always will be so. When a fair-minded man, who knows something about war, examines the conduct of my troops under the circumstances, he will not be surprised at what they did, but he will be surprised that it was no worse. At any rate, I was very glad when I had my army out of those States."

General Schurz adds:

"The sayings of such a man as General Sherman on the effects of war upon the morals of the soldiers themselves may be commended to the sober contemplation of those who so glibly speak of war as a great moral agency—how war kindles in the popular heart the noblest instincts and emotions of human nature; how it lifts a people above the mean 'selfishness of daily life'; how it stops the growth of the 'vile, groveling materialism' which is too apt to develop into a dominant tendency in a long period of peace; how it turns the ambitions of men into channels of generous enthusiasm and lofty aspirations; and how it is simply a bath of fire from which human society issues cleansed of its dross of low propensities, refreshed in its best energies, and more ardent than ever in devoted pursuit of its highest ideals."

The Power to Please.

If you wear a bulldog expression, if you go about looking sour and disagreeable, you must not wonder that you are not popular with your employees. Everybody likes pleasant faces. We are always looking for sunshine, and we want to get away from the clouds and gloom.

If you want to be popular, you must assume a popular attitude, and above all you must be interesting. If people are not interested in you, they will avoid you. But if you can be so sunny, cheerful, helpful and kind, if you can fling sunshine about you in every direction, so that people will cross the street to meet you, instead of trying to avoid you, you will have no difficulty in becoming popular.

The great thing to draw people to you is to make them feel that you are interested in them. You must do this for effect. You must be really interested in them, or they will detect the deception.

Nothing else will win the heart of a young person to you so quickly as making him feel that you take a genuine interest in what he it doing, and especially what he is going to do in the future.

If you avoid people, you must expect them to avoid you; and if you always talk about yourself you will find that people will move away from you. You do not please them. They want you to talk about them, to be interested in them.

The power to please is a great success asset. It will do for you what money will not do. It will often give you capital which your financial assets would not warrant. People are governed by their likes and dislikes. We are powerfully influenced by a pleasing and charming personality. A persuasive manner is often irresistible. Even judges on the bench feel its fascination.—Success.

Extra Rations.

An amusing incident of a confederate camp during the early days of the war is given in "The Story of a Cannoneer Under Stonewall Jackson." There belonged to one mess a man not very desirable as a companion, who tried to take too good care of himself.

We had halted one morning to cook several days' rations, says the author, and a large pile of bread was placed near the fire, of which we were to eat our breakfast, and the rest was to be divided among us.

This man came, we thought, too often to the pile, and helped himself bountifully. He would return to his seat on his blanket, and one or two of us saw, or thought we saw, that he concealed pieces of bread under it. Nothing was said at the time, but after he had gone away, Rolling, Packard and I concluded to examine his haversack, which looked very fat.

In it we found about half a gallon of rye for coffee, a slab of bacon, a number of home-made buttered biscuits, a hen's egg and a goose egg, besides more than his share of camp rations.

Here was our chance to teach a Christian man in an agreeable way that he should not appropriate more than his share of the rations without the consent of the mess. We set to and ate heartily of his good stores, and in their place put, for a ballast, a river-jack that weighed about two pounds. He carried the stone for two days before he ate down to it, and when he did, was mad enough to eat that, too.

We then told him what we had done and why, and added that we thought he had hidden enough under his blanket to carry him through the campaign.—Ex.

A commercial traveller who makes frequent trips to the West from New York is on friendly terms with the porter of the sleeping car, who rejoices in the name of Lawrence Lee.

"Well, Lawrence," announced the salesman, gleefully, "I have good news for you. We've had a birth in our family—twins, by George!"

"Dat am no birth, sir," said Lawrence; "dat's a section."—Life.

"This living in furnished rooms," said Mrs. Popley, "is hard on the children."

"Very likely," replied Popley, who was trying to remove some ink stains from the red plush sofa. "but the children are also hard on furnished rooms."—Philadelphia Press.

Professor (examining medical student)—If you are called out to a patient, what is the first question you would ask?

Medical Student—Where he lives.—Fliegende Blatter.

Began as a Printer.

In an interview in the New York Tribune, Senator Philander Chase Knox says: "While attending college I got ahead of my classes, and at my father's suggestion went into a printing office for a year. He had learned the printer's trade and believed if I did so I would know how to spell and punctuate, and would have some rudimentary and practical knowledge about composition. I got a place on the Brownsville Clipper, a weekly paper scarcely larger than a handkerchief. I learned to set type, to write the news of the town, as well as rural editorials and to pull the old Washington hand-press. I did everything from keeping the books to sweeping the floor and washing the rollers. Only one other experience of my life was more useful to me than the year I spent on the Clipper. I am sure I could go into a printing office today and set type."

"Where did you read law?"

"In Pittsburg, with H. B. Swope, one of the most successful and eminent men at the bar of western Pennsylvania. After I was graduated from college I obtained a clerkship in the Brownsville Bank. My father had died, and what property he left went to my mother. It was necessary for me to go to work. I remained in the bank a year, received $700 and saved $600, which was enough to pay my way into my profession. I studied and lived on $23 a month for two years. I sought a place in the bank to earn money, but, better than money, I entered into the most valuable experience of my life. I learned how to meet business men, all about bookkeeping and commercial paper, and how and why notes and drafts go to protest. After I began to practice law I never had to call on a bookkeeper to explain entries, trial balances or the technical details of his accounts to me. I could study a set of books and understand them. Every young lawyer can't be a clerk in a bank, but he should obtain a thorough knowledge of the underlying principles of business and of bookkeeping. The more he knows about such things the better."

Birds as Air-Ship Models.

The explanation of bird-flight that occurs to the casual observer is that these winged creatures fly by flapping their wings. But all birds do not do so. In fact, the birds that fly the best and most fearlessly can proceed for hours and sometimes for a whole day, and not infrequently against the force of a storm, without making the slightest preceptible movement of their wings.

Although the secret of flight on motionless wings is at present beyond the solution of science, the principle involved gives promise of being the one that would be most successfully applied by man in aerial travel. It is true that nearly all insects and most of the small birds proceed by beating their wings, sometimes with almost incredible velocity. Possibly the airships of the future, particularly those designed for short trips, may proceed by this method. But the present tendency is toward sailing flight.

The most common theory in explanation of flight on motionless wings is that the birds take advantage of air currents. However, a fact that weakens the air current idea is that birds of prey will dart instantly in any direction, quite regardless of air currents, when a victim appears.

This theory of necessary air currents may have been as serious a hinderance to the progress of aeronautics as has been the fallacy that in order to sail, a ship must be lighter than air. But the fact that there is among the myriad of bird species a number that wing their way without effort in either calm or storm, some of them sailing on motionless pinions, furnishes the hope and possibility that man may also become absolute master of the air.—"The Mystery of Bird Flight," in the August Everybody's.

Absentminded.

She was an exceedingly dainty little woman, who was taking a very great interest in the affairs of the convicts when she was being shown through the penitentiary the other day.

Guard O'Brien was along when she happened to speak to one of the prisoners. "I am so sorry for you," she remarked in a tender tone of voice. "Of course you will be thankful when the time comes for you to leave this dreadful place."

"No," retorted the man. "I'd a sight rather stop here where I am."

The little woman almost collapsed.

"Isn't it strange?" she asked turning to the guard. "I had no idea that the prisoners were so contented. What was the poor fellow's offense?"

The guard concealed a covert grin. "He was just a little absentminded that was all," followed the grin.

"Absent minded!" exclaimed his astonished interrogator.

"Yes, madam," politely replied O'Brien.

"He persisted in forgetting that he was married, and now when his time is up he has five wives awaiting him on the outside."

The woman could not deny that the convict had sufficient reason to be contented with his present lot.—Columbus Dispatch.

Farmer Trellis—"Tur'ble crime in New York. Man found dead, an' no one knows who killed him."

Mrs. Trellis—"Goodness, Joel, where was the police?"

Farmer Trellis—"Paper says the police are all at sea; whether they're helping the navy out, or gone on a picnic, it don't state. Police never ought to go to sea all at once that way."—Puck.

He—Mabel, you grow more beautiful every day.

She (pleased)—Oh, Jack; you do exaggerate!

He—Well, then, every other day.—Punch.

Wife—I don't know where that child got his vile temper from—not from me, I'm sure.

Husband (sadly)—No, my dear; you certainly haven't lost any of yours.—Tit-Bits.

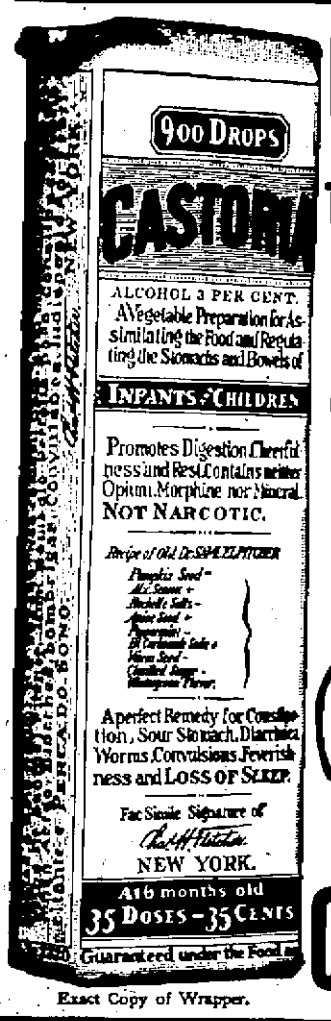
Old Cab Driver (at the end of a somewhat heated argument)—I know wot's the matter with you—the wind's got in that 'ole in yer 'ead and set yer tongue waggin'."—Punch.

Alice—And so Lord Addlepate is 60. Did you refuse him because he's too old?

Augusta—No; because he's not old enough.—Tit-Bits.

"You haven't described your fiance. Is he a blonde?"

"No, aunty; he just matches my new furs!"—Le Rire.



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Leave Fall River for Island Park only every 15 minutes from 7 p. m. to 11.00 p. m.

On Sundays first car will leave Newport at 7.00 a. m. and Fall River at 8.00 a. m., otherwise running as on week days.

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Change of time June 20, 1907.

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Leave Morton Park for Mile Corner—6.22 and 6.37 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for Beach—6.30 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.15 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach—6.45 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner at 7.00 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin street for One Mile Corner—6.30, 6.45 and 7.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.00 p. m. Sundays 7.15 a. m., and then same as week days.

Leave Franklin street for Morton Park—6.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.15 p. m. Sundays 6.45 a. m. and then same as week days.

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Hubbard—I estimate that advertising costs me $250 a year more than I can afford.

Jaxe—What are you talking about? You don't advertise.

"No; but the drapers do and my wife is a confirmed bargain hunter."—Exchange.

Snapshots in Color.

The new Lumiere autochrome plate is on the market in Europe, and will be sold in America as soon as the makers can catch up with the enormous demand in Europe. This seems a simple statement, but it means that color photography has actually reached the stage where any amateur can load a plate in his camera, make one exposure, go into the darkroom, and within half an hour, without previous experience, make a permanent photographic positive in natural colors which will be a true picture of the object or scene portrayed. The process demands no matching of colors, no staining or dyeing, no superimposing of one image on another, nothing except putting a single plate through several baths, with practically no risk of failure if the exposure has been correct.

The autochrome plate is a marvel of scientific ingenuity and technical skill. A sticky plate is coated with a single layer of starch globules, all of exactly the same size, and so small that it takes no less than 20,000 to cover a single inch. These are composed of equal numbers of orange, green and violet particles, and must be placed so that they do not overlay in the slightest degree. The minute spaces between them are then filled with a black substance, so that all the light which comes through must pass through the colored particles. At this stage the film is varnished and subjected to immense pressure, so that all the globular grains of starch are compressed into cylinders, with a flat surface at front and back. This prevents them from acting as little lenses. If the plate is looked through at this stage it will appear to transmit perfectly white light, as the spots of color are so small as to be invisible to the eye. A magnifying glass will reveal the structure, however.

At this stage the plate is coated with an extremely thin panchromatic emulsion, far thinner than that used on any dry plate in the market. This particular coating is the nearest to an absolutely orthochromatic emulsion which has yet been prepared, but as photographic chemistry has not yet found a means of sensitizing a plate for all colors without the use of a color screen to subdue the action of the blue end of the spectrum, a special yellow screen is furnished to be used with these plates. No other will do.

This plate has to be loaded into the plate holder, not with the film side forward, as an ordinary plate is, but with the glass side toward the lens. Now when an exposure is made, the light after passing through the glass has to pass through the dyed starch grains before it reaches the sensitive film, and these colored grains act as a color screen. If the object being photographed is green, the light from it passes unchanged through the green grains of starch, but is cut off by all the orange and violet particles. It therefore affects the silver bromide only behind the green grains, and leaves it unchanged behind the others. When the plate is developed, a black grain of silver is formed behind the green grains, and all the rest of the silver bromide is left unchanged. In the ordinary photographic process the plate would be fixed at this stage. We, however, wash it and then remove the black silver particles by a process to be detailed further on, and thus leave nothing in the emulsion behind the green grains. The unchanged silver bromide is now reduced to silver, covering up all but the green grains with a black, metalic layer. The result is that we have a positive picture of the green object formed by the light through the green starch particles. The action is not really so simple as this, for very rarely will light of the exact color of the grains fall on the plate. Still, the light from an object not of the pure spectrum color will be broken up by the composite filter of the colored grains, and the resulting positive will reproduce not only the colors, but the sheen of silk, the lustre of metals, or the nacre of pearl.

All this sounds like the excited accounts of color photography so often published in the sensational newspapers in the past decade, which have been the laughing-stock of scientists. Why is not this to be classed in the same category? To be sure, I cannot say that I have worked the process, for the plates are not yet to be had in America, nor anywhere outside of Paris, except that a few German dealers have had a very few. Well, in the first place, there is the reputation of the Brothers Lumiere, the most patient, accurate, and trust-worthy photographic chemists of the world. This is no new thing with them. They announced the theory and patented the process years ago, and then started to put it on the market. They worked at it for years, being many times on the point of giving it up because of the tremendous technical difficulties which they encountered; but they persevered, and now they say it works. That settles it; if they say so, it is practical. Then we have the testimony, given within the last two weeks, of several men who are not easily carried away by photographic novelties, men of the greatest technical skill, and also of artistic training. These men are George Springer, editor of Die Photographische Industria of Dresden, the organ of the German photographic trade, R. Child Bayley, editor of Photography of London, and Edward J. Steichen, an accomplished painter and the leading pictorial photographer of America, now living in Paris. All of these men speak of it from personal experience in terms of unbounded enthusiasm.

Mr. Bayley, who for several years has admitted very little on color photography to the pages of his journal, because of the extravagant claims and disappointing results of so many processes, details his personal experience with his first plate. It took him less than half an hour to make the exposure and get the finished picture. He says: "My first plate was as good as any three-color photograph, produced in any method, by the most skilful three-color experts that I have ever seen. And it was my first—using a strange, unfamiliar plate, a developer I have not used for years, and working with nothing more than the makers' printed instructions, with the recollection of an interview a day or two before with my friend Mr. Steichen." And of the results: "Well, they must be seen to be believed. I did not believe in them till I saw them. And I can hardly believe in them now that I have made them myself."

As to the truth of the colors, the process is faithful in its rendering of everything except some of the shades of yellow and red. The process is artistically satisfactory to Steichen, a painter and essentially a colorist, and the testimony of all the writers named is that the color rendering is marvellous.

The process is bound to create a popular furore. In Paris, the shops have been literally besieged and it is today impossible to get a supply of the plates. This, even in face of the enormous price, $2.60 for a box of four 5x7 plates, and a dollar each for the next size larger. The facilities for manufacture are being increased, however, and soon the supply will be equal to any normal demand. So we may soon expect them on sale in this country.

Now let us see how these plates are exposed and developed. As I have stated, a special yellow screen is used, and they are exposed glass side forward. This necessitates reversing the ground glass in the camera before focusing. The proper exposure in good bright sunshine, with stop f-8 or U. S. 4, is one second. In good diffused light it is six seconds. The exposure being made, we must develop it with the chemicals and formulæ prescribed by the makers and no others. There is here no scope for individual choice. The sequence of operations is so interconnected that a variation may injure the final result.

The plate must not, either in loading or developing, be exposed to a dark room light of any sort. It is sensitive to the red objects to be taken, and likewise to red light. It is developed in total darkness, that is, in a covered dish, with pyro-ammonia developer. The developer, in goodly quantity, is poured on, the dish covered, and the plate rocked vigorously for exactly two minutes and a half. The red lamp should be so turned that its light falls on a clock or watch, and not on the developing dish. As soon as the time is up the developer is poured into the sink, the plate held under the tap for fifteen seconds, and put back into the dish. A solution of potassium permanganate and sulphuric acid, Nauias's reducer, is poured over the negative, and the plate may now be carried out into the light, and all further operations be carried on by daylight. Less than three minutes must be spent in the darkroom, exclusive of the time required to load the plate. The reducer begins to act at once; the colors can be seen in a few seconds by looking at the plate, and in less than two minutes the silver is completely reduced, and we have, not a negative, but a positive in natural colors. The plate is again rinsed for fifteen seconds, and an amidol developer poured on, in daylight. This immediately begins to darken the remaining silver bromide, and is allowed to act for two minutes.

Another fifteen seconds under the tap is followed by fifteen seconds in a very dilute permanganate reducer, to clear up the lights. Another rinse, and a silver intensifier is used for about thirty seconds, to darken up the opaque deposit. Without washing, the plate is again placed in a strong solution of permanganate for thirty seconds, rinsed, given two minutes in acid hypo, and washed for five minutes under the tap. It is now finished and may be dried. This takes from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour without artificial heat. It is delicate, and should be protected by varnish or bound up with a cover glass.

This process seems elaborate, but takes less time to perform than to write. Everything is done by time except the silver intensification, and the total time necessary for all the operations is exactly twenty minutes. This is due to the extreme thinness of the film, which is instantaneously penetrated by the solutions.

We do not publish the formulas for the various solutions, as the plates are not yet on sale here, and full instructions are enclosed with each batch of plates.—Frank R. Fraprie in Boston Transcript.

To Boom Marriage.

Designed to solve the problem of the scarcity of marriageable young women in the inland empire of the Pacific Northwest is the Spokane Affinity Club, just organized by twenty-three bachelors under 30 years of age, with J. C. Power Brown, secretary of the Mining Brokers' Exchange, as its president. Branches will be instituted in every city and town of more than 500 inhabitants throughout the Spokane country.

"The purpose of the club," said President Brown, "is to provide wives for the eligible young men of the Spokane country by inducing them to come into the district. I am not over rating the fact when I say that 5000 women between the ages of 20 and 30 years could find good husbands and comfortable homes in Spokane alone. This may seem an extravagant statement in a city of nearly 100,000 population, but the fact is that young men have come into the city in such large numbers during the last eighteen months there are not sufficient girls to go around."

Laundry Work.

Must the maid of all work act as laundress? It is unreasonable to expect her to be proficient in this part of the house-hold labor unless she has had special training. Write out these facts for her frequent reference.

Shirts, collars, cuffs—everything, in fact, that needs to be stiffened and polished—should be washed perfectly clean and allowed to dry thoroughly before they are starched.

Let them soak before washing in luke-warm water, long enough to thoroughly soften the old starch.

If a shirt bosom dries dragging slantwise, the several thicknesses pulling apart, no after effort will achieve quite the proper smoothness and solidity.

With cuffs and collars it is much the same. Snap them out straight and hang them so that warp and woof pull true.

When shirts are ready for the line be sure to hang them on it properly—that is, with the shoulders lightly laid over it, the bosom hanging smooth and straight between.

In January.

A merchant in a Wisconsin town who had a Swedish clerk sent him out to do some collecting. When he returned from an unsuccessful trip he reported: "Yim Youson say he vill pay ven he sell him hogs. Yim Olesen, he vill pay ven he sell him wheat, and Bill Pack say he vill pay in January."

"Well," said the boss, "that's the first time Bill ever set a date to pay. Did he really say he would pay in January?"

"Vell, aye tank so," said the clerk. "He say it van a cold day ven you get that money. I tank that ban in January."—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. A—And are your neighbors fond of you?

Mrs. B—Very. Just think! When I told them we wanted to move, but couldn't afford to, they offered to pay all our moving expenses.—Illustrated Bits.

Motorist Coonley—Beg pawdon, suh, but kin you infohm me how many miles it am teh Jayville?

The Farmer—Wa-ll, as the crow flies

Motorist Coonley—Doan' git pussonal, sur; doan' git pussonal!—Puck.

Just Merely Supposing.

There is very little doubt that the airship is an accomplished fact. What boots a year or two when time is flying as swiftly as it does nowadays?

But has any one considered the new dangers that will follow in the wake of the new machines? Does any one imagine that life for him will be the old free existence that it has been for most of us, that when the air is filled with iron and steel and wood man will go his way unheeding upper ether as of old?

Of course, in the very nature of things the first to equip themselves with aerial racers will be the reckless devils who now run gasoline juggernauts on our highways.

Is it not easy to imagine what they will do when they get up in the air? Will life on the surface of the earth have any semblance of safety while "white eagles" and "red hawks" are careering in the upper air, spilling out foots and now and then an occupant?

In these pleasant days if a man is walking about New York all he has to think of are the trolleys, the motor cycles, the ordinary wheels, the automobiles, the dear old horse cars and the other horse drawn vehicles, including the fire engines and the ambulances. If he is alert and spry his chance of life is as good as that of a soldier in a secondary skirmish. His adversaries are all on the level, so to speak, and he can see what is coming without raising his eyes to heaven, a thing that mankind fell out of the habit of doing ages ago.

But with the upper air full of ships and the ships full of people and many the people full of the intoxication born of free life in the void, why, I would not write any pedestrian's insurance without charging a prohibitive premium.

Let us suppose two irresponsibles in an airship.

"Hand me that wrench, Bill. There's something the matter with this nut and I want to take it off. Look out, Gee, you just missed hitting that chimney! Can't you steer? Oh, you careless idiot! What did you drop that wrench for? It struck the north light in that studio building. Let's get away quick. I'll bet that you've killed the artist at work, to say nothing of losing the only wrench we have. Hello! Did you see that? An old chap fell out of that pink machine, and I'm blamed if he didn't grab the spire of Grace church, and there he is!"

"Shall we rescue him?"

"Rescue nothing. What's the matter with his own people doing it?"

"Well, I'm going down there after that wrench. I don't see any commotion around that studio building. Guess we didn't kill any one."

The airship turns, goes back, drops until it is about five feet above the ground glass north light and then the man who dropped the wrench, making a cone of his hands, calls out:

"Say, you artist below there, did you hear anything drop?"

A moment latter a sky light is opened and an excited man in a blue blouse makes his appearance.

"Did you drop that wrench?"

"Yes; awfully sorry. Did you find it?"

"I came near finding it on my head, and if you were in a balloon instead of an airship I'd put you out of commission. Confound you all! Life isn't worth living since you left the highways."

"Let's have the wrench that's a good fellow."—Charles Battell Loomis.

Voracity of Black Bass.

The black bass is like "a roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour." I have seen a good sized specimen get into a school of minows and eat and stuff until he could not get any more into his capacious insides; then go off by himself, throw up what he had eaten and begin over again, after which he would keep on killing the poor, innocent minows apparently for the mere pleasure of killing. Very young bass will attack minute water life which flourishes on water plants and get away with every one in sight, adopting the same method as their elders. To illustrate the extent of the cannibalism of the black bass, here is an experience of a superintendent of one of the fish hatcheries in Pennsylvania:

The superintendent made an actual count of twenty thousand young bass, about an inch long, and placed them in a fry pond by themselves. He gave them food six times a day, and, according to his statement, each fish ate on an average three times its own weight of the prepared food every twenty-four hours. They were placed in a pond on July 1, and on Oct. 1, when they were taken out, there were only eleven thousand, and the record showed that less than two hundred died from sickness. It is reasonable to suppose, therefore, that in addition to the food given them by the superintendent there were about nine thousand bass devoured by their stronger and more fortunate companions.—Field and Stream.

A Waste.

Bobby's mother was often distressed by her small son's lapses from correct speech; all the more because his reports from school were always so good.

"Bobby," she said plaintively, one day, "why do you keep telling Major to 'set up' when you know 'sit up' is what you should say?"

"Oh, well, mother," Bobby answered, hastily, "of course I have lots of grammar, but I don't like to waste it on Major when he doesn't know the difference, being a dog."—Harper's Weekly.

A contract for painting the Eiffel tower in Paris has been given out. This is the fourth time since its erection in 1889 that this huge mass of steel has been painted. The work will occupy forty painters for three months and the cost is estimated at $15,000. The tower will once again change its color. When first erected it was painted orange, then red, and now it is yellow. This year it will be parti-colored. From the third platform to the summit it will be white and the lower part yellow. The fact that so much money is to be spent in painting the tower would go to show that the owners have no intention of pulling it down. Last year it was reported that the tower had ceased to be an attraction to the public and that the shareholders had decided to remove it altogether, as the cost of its maintenance was heavy.

Mr. Roxton (with morning paper)—Gad! Fastactt's auto was wrecked last night and the six occupants were badly hurt.

Mrs. Roxton—Poor Mrs. Fastactt! I wonder how she received the news!—Puck.

Pure Water for Soldiers.

Uncle Sam has adopted a water wagon for army use, which, even when it draws its contents from a much polluted stream, provides his soldiers with a fine fluid with which to quench their thirst. The secret of this is that the wagon in question is nothing more or less than a complete filtering and sterilizing plant, which is equipped with a boiler for making steam to operate the pump and the sterilizer, a complete set of bone black filters, a sterilizing plant and a reservoir for storing the sterile water. Along each side are seven faucets, so arranged that fourteen men can conveniently fill their canteens at one time. Only a few minutes are required for an entire regiment to obtain its water supply.

From four to six mules are required to draw this wagon. Its steam pump will suck water from any stream or well, and no matter how muddy or full of disease germs it may be, it will automatically pass through the system and not only issue perfectly clear and pleasing to the eye, but absolutely safe as well. Through a most ingenious arrangement it is discharged almost as cold as when it entered.

Clear, sparkling water, by the way, is in the majority of instances far from being pure and safe. For example, the very best filter working under good conditions will allow from one to five per cent of bacteria or more to escape, and only one per cent may mean that tens of thousands of these health destroyers are contained in a single glass of water. Sterilization is the only proper precaution, and this feature is recognized to such an extent that the sterilizer described has been adopted by the United States Government and placed in universal use in the army, marine corps, coast and geodetic survey, Isthmian Canal commission, etc. The sterilizer banishes typhoid fever and all of the multitude of water-born ailments, including dysentery, cholera and the minor, though quite important, complaints which induce a state of laziness or indisposition or lack of snap and energy disappear almost altogether. Government statistics show that even under the most unsanitary conditions it has repeatedly reduced the average sickness from sixty-five to five per cent.—Philadelphia Record.

Wizard Burbank.

Luther Burbank has attracted a vast amount of attention because he has attempted and to a considerable extent succeeded in doing something quite novel, at least in this country. He is breeding up plant, fruit and vegetable life. He is the godfather of the sugar prune, a giant in comparison to its ancestors, the French prune, of which California produced 150,000,000 pounds of the dried product in a year.

The sugar prune ripens earlier and is of immense commercial value. Burbank is also the maker of the seedless plum, which he accomplished by crossing two varieties of the Prunus triflora. The white blackberry is another of the wizard of horticulture's triumphs; 65,000 bushels were used in tests before he developed this phenomenon. He has given to the arid deserts a new species of grass which will grow on the plain without water.

He converted the cactus into an edible plant.

The wild potato of South America also received his attention. From a single eye of this potato he developed 120 hybridizations and grew a large tuber of good quality. Mr. Burbank has made endless experiments with the potato. He keeps, in his farm at Santa Rosa, no less than 10,000 varities for experimental purposes.

He has grown potatoes of every shape and color, round, long, short, square, pure white, pink, crimson, purple and yellow. Burbank potato seedlings have been shipped all over the world. The late Cecil Rhodes planted 10'000 of his seedless plum trees in South Africa, until now they have multiplied into the millions.—Technical World Magazine.

"Dandy" Gives Up.

The trick dog Dandy owned by Mrs. Annie E. J. Hazard of Warren avenue, in East Providence, is dead. He was 21 years old, and there were few boys and girls in the neighborhood, as well as grown ups, who had not seen the dog go through his many tricks. Dandy entertained many children's parties by showing his ability to "shake hands," "sing and dance." He could walk on his hind feet and jump as high as an ordinary table. When bars were placed for a miniature gymnasium, he vaulted 10 or a dozen times, seemingly for his own amusement. When told to die in a fit he stretched himself out, jerking his legs for some times and finally becoming very still—"stone dead." Then when his mistress said "Policeman's coming," he jumped up and scampered away, much to the delight of the small boys. He then showed them how to roll over quickly and sneeze, besides a number of other tricks.

Dandy bore the marks of many a bitter fight. He was known as one of the gritiest dogs in town. When his mistress, who is a teacher, was asked how she ever had patience to teach him so much, she laughingly said that she found him a very apt pupil, quite as much so as some of her old scholars, who are now leading citizens.—Providence Journal.

Bathing Makes Gray Hair.

"How gray I've gotten," said the lady miserably. "Yet, before I came here to the shore I hadn't a white hair."

"Madam, it is the bathing," said the masseur. "Salt water, while in a way it strengthens the hair, also coarsens, dries and grays it. You have bathed every day since June. In consequence your hair has thickened, but it has also turned a little gray.

"Salt water bathing, madam, would be a most excellent tonic for the hair if before going into the sea and after coming out of it one rubbed a little pure oil into the scalp. The hair would then grow strong in the salt air and the sunshine without growing coarse or white. Indeed, as its strength increased it would increase in like manner in fineness, suppleness and brilliancy."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Rarely has a double meaning turned with more deadly effect upon an innocent perpetrator than in an advertisement lately appearing in a Western newspaper. He wrote: "Wanted—A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."—Harper's Weekly.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Crullers for Breakfast and Lunch.

"Trade ain't no good here. Come on over to the beer saloon. There's lots over there," said a boy of eleven to a boy of nine on the East side, New York, at nine o'clock one evening.

"Do they ever offer you anything to drink over there?"

"Sure," said the boy of nine; "but I never takes it."

"Smoke cigarettes?"

"Not on yer life!" "Got enough of that. I smoked since I was six, and last year me throat laid me up in the hospittle two months. No more cigarettes for mine."

"How late at night do you sell?"

"Oh, till about eleven or twelve."

"Do you go to school?"

"Sure."

"When do you sleep?"

"Different times. I allus sleeps at night after I goes home, and sometimes in school."

No doubt of this, for he was only nine.

"What do you have for breakfast?"

"Coffee and crullers. I allus has the same every morning. Three crullers for breakfast and two for lunch."

"Have some peanuts?"

"Thanks. I can't had no supper, so I'm kinder hungry. Nope, I never gets no supper."

It is a very common thing to find children on the East Side of New York who have coffee and a roll for breakfast. Seldom do they get eggs, and almost never meat. For lunch they eat still less, and for supper, where there is any supper, they may get a little meat. But in too many cases the boy does not go home to supper, because he knows that there is no use. He buys his supper on the streets for two or three cents, or else goes without.—Scott Nearing, in the National Child Labor Committee's Page in the October Woman's Home Companion.

To Awaken When You Wish.

"We hear it frequently asserted that if persons will impress the thought firmly upon their minds and continue thinking about it until they have fallen asleep that they desire to awake at a certain hour in the morning that they will do so, but how many people have tried that method of insuring a prompt awakening at a given hour in the morning only to find their rest throughout the night disturbed and uneasy?

"The brain will usually respond to the will and awaken one in the morning near the desired hour under any circumstances, but to prevent the broken, uneasy sleep the adoption of only a very simple device is necessary. The last thing before getting into bed take a watch or clock and turn the hands to the hour at which one wishes to rise and gaze at this just long enough to fix the hour firmly on the retentive memory. Then, if no other absorbing thoughts intervene between that and the moment one is locked in slumber the night's rest will be easy and unbroken, and promptly at the hour in the morning, as a rule, one will find one's self released from sleep and wide awake. There is no need to keep thinking of the hour continually for a number of minutes, no need to repeat it over and over in the mind; all this makes the brain uneasy and results in the disturbed slumber simply look at the watch or clock as I have indicated and the influence of the mind over matter will be clearly demonstrated in the morning. Try it some night and observe how smoothly this psychological fact works."

The Injustice.

Before a great fire of logs in Helicon hall, the seat of his recent Utopian colony Upton Sinclair one snowy night talked of the injustice of the private ownership of land:

"A tramp was one day strolling through a wood that belonged to the duke of Norfolk. The duke happened to meet him and said:

"'Do you know your walking on my land?'

"'Your land?' said the tramp. 'Well, I've got no land of my own, so I'm obliged to walk on somebody's. Where though, did you get this land?'

"'I got it from my ancestors,' said the duke.

"'And where did they get it from?' went on the tramp.

"'From their ancestors,' said the duke.

"'And where did their ancestors get it from?'

"'They fought for it.'

"'Come on then,' said the tramp fiercely, as he pulled off his coat, 'and I'll fight you for it.'

'But the duke, retreating hastily, declined to accept this fair offer."—The Pathfinder.

Another Packing-House Scandal.

A man who was running a lunch-room out in a Western town used only canned goods.

The Indians from a nearby reservation had seen him take so many different things from cans that seemed to them to be growing in the open air that they began to wonder what he would bring next.

One day he got a graphaphone and started it up playing. A crowd soon collected, among it several Indians.

Someone went up to a group of Indians, and asked what they thought of it. The reply was a shrug of the shoulders and the expressive "Ugh!" Finally he went up to one young brave and asked his opinion. The Indian thought awhile and then said calmly: "Ugh! Canned white man!"—Judge.

A very irascible old gentleman was waiting for a friend with whom he had made an appointment at a cafe. Time went by and the friend did not turn up.

"He won't come now," said some one.

"Well, he'd better look out," said the old gent furiously. "If he doesn't come he'll get a warm reception from me."—Nos Loisirs.

"Jones is a slave of fashion."

"I hadn't noticed that he was a very swell dresser."

"He isn't. But he has to work overtime to keep his wife supplied with frocks."—Cleveland Leader.

Wife (looking up from her book)—You know a great many things, John; now, what do you think should be done in a case of drowning?

Husband—Have a funeral, I should think.—Answers.

"What a very thin voice that girl has!" "Thin! Why, it's so thin she ought to sing all her music in a skeleton key."—Baltimore American.

"Do you think that horrid story about Beatrice is true?"

"It must be. I heard it from her dearest friend."—Life.

Women's Dep't.

Of Interest to Women.

The Michigan Federation of Labor last adopted resolutions declaring for suffrage for women in general, and for Michigan women in particular.

Tom L. Johnson is to be one of the speakers at the annual Convention of the Ohio Woman Suffrage Association, which is to be held in Youngstown in October.

The United Teamsters of America, in convention at Rochester, N. Y., adopted a resolution calling upon Congress to submit to the State Legislatures for ratification an amendment to the United States Constitution prohibiting disfranchisement on account of sex.

The Era Club, of New Orleans, numbering several hundreds of members and including some of the most representative women in the city, is questioning all gubernatorial candidates as to where they stand on the woman suffrage question. Not content with asking simply for a statement of belief, the Era Club demands, "If not, why not?"

The Nurses' Association of the Pacific Coast, at its recent annual meeting, passed a resolution in favor of woman suffrage, after debate. The newly elected president, Dr. Helen Criswell, was among its supporters. Last year a similar resolution was laid on the table.

At the recent election in Chicago, on the acceptance or rejection of the new city charter, out of the 600,000 male citizens over 21 years of age, 320,000 neglected to vote either way. Mrs. Catharine Waugh McCulloch, Evanston's woman justice of the peace, now asks whether all men should not be disfranchised—"first, the stay-at-homes, because they deserve it, and second, those who really did vote, because they belong to a sex where so many are indifferent." Evidently Mrs. McCulloch has been studying the arguments of the anti-woman-suffragists.

The Democrats of Mahoning County, Ohio, at their recent convention passed a resolution as follows: "We favor complete woman suffrage."

The Republicans of Illinois have nominated Mrs. Carrie A. Alexander as one of the trustees of the State University. The Democrats of the same State have nominated Clara P. Bourland for the same position. The Democrats have nominated Miss Caroline Grote, State Superintendent of public instruction. Her nomination aroused greater enthusiasm in the convention than that of any other candidate. When called upon for a speech the band played "Good Morning, Carrie" and the convention went wild. She made the most dignified and sensible speech of the session.

A Real "Hoss" Race.

If you would see a horse strapped, bridled, braced and geared to the limit you must seek such a truck as you see at the old-time country fair. Here comes an awkward, flea-bitten gray, which never went under two-fifty in his life. He is hobbled and checked and goggled, and hitched up sidewise, lengthwise and crosswise until there is more harness than horse. You wonder how his driver ever got him into this rigging, and how he will get him out again without cutting him free with a jackknife. A farmer with a gray beard and twinkling eye observes to his neighbor:

"Last time John Martin had that plug out on the road I told him he had the old cripple overloaded with fust-aids-to-the-injured. Them straps that was calk'lated to hoist up his knees must ha' pulled too tight and the critter was yanked clean off the ground. What John was gettin' ready for was a race for flyin' machines, not a hoss trot."—From "The Country Fair," by David Lansing, in the Outing Magazine for October.

A country minister had just received his first call to the charge of a small church, and his wife, of course, was highly excited; so much so that she was obliged to tell everybody of the good news.

One day she met a farmer's wife, and began the conversation:

"Do you know, Mrs. Close," she said, "my husband has just secured the incumbency of a church, and I can't tell you how delighted I am. I—

"Yes," replied the sympathetic old lady. "I quite understand your feelings. I felt just that way when our pig took the gold medal at the cattle show."

For Over Sixty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

Commencing with yourself, make the best possible use of everything within reach.

Something that will quiet the nerves, give strength to the body, induce refreshing sleep, improve the quality of the blood, and purify and brighten the complexion, is what many persons would be very glad to obtain. Carter's Iron Pills are made for exactly this class of troubles, and are remarkably successful in accomplishing the ends desired, as named above. They are useful for both men and women. Price, 50 cents a box.

There is never a train coming so fast, but you can wait till it goes past.

Will be found an excellent remedy for sick headache. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

If money talks, it says "Good Day," then flaps its wings and flies away.

Will positively cure sick headache and prevent its return. Carter's Little Liver Pills. This is not talk, but truth. One pill a dose. See advertisement. Small dose. Small price.

Mosquitoes are free from one vice at least. They can't stand cigarette smoke.

The well known strengthening properties of Iron, combined with other tonics and a most perfect nervine, are found in Carter's Iron Pills, which strengthen the nerves and body, and improve the blood and complexion.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the ollowing rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1907.

NOTES.

British Expedition against Warren, R. I., May 25, 1778. Concluded.

Loss sustained by Nathan Miller May 25, 1778 when the Enemy made an Excursion from Newport to Burn the Boates and destroy the Magazeen.

⅜ of a Privateer 125 Tuns set on fire, the whole loss £900, the ⅜	£337	10	0
1 Hogshead W. I. Rum in the Store adjoining the Magazine	£240	0	0
1 Sword and Hanger	30	0	0
8 Small Arms	10	16	0
4 Silver Tea Spones	1	16	0
7 Shirts	25	0	0
6 Pairs Stockings	9	0	0
1 Pair Buck Skin Briches	9	0	0
1 Paire Hollon Sheets	3	0	0
3 yards & ¼ New Linning Hollon	4	5	0
1 pair Gold Sleeve Buttons belonging to Caleb	2	16	0
1 Gold Ring	1	12	0
1 Pair Paste Buckles	18	0	0
1 Black Handkerchief—2 Silk & Cotton Ditto	3	4	0
3 Pair Pillow Cases	2	8	0
	£701	6	0
Consolidated at 4 for one	£175	6	0

Samuel Miller's Loss.

4 Hollen Shirts	£3	10	0
4 Paire Silk & Worsted Stockings	1	16	0
	£5	6	0

The Mill Belonging to Smith Bowen and Samuel Pearse at Kikamuet	£88	12	0

Smith Bowen's Loss out of his house.

35 Skeins yarn	£1	3	4
1 Silver Watch	6	0	0
2 Axes	1	7	0
2 Saws—1 Chissels	1	4	0
2 Guns—1 Sword	7	10	0
9 Sheets	3	7	6
7 Pillow Cases	0	14	0
3 fine Shirts	1	18	0
4 other Shirts	1	16	0
3 Shifts	1	18	0
2 Table Cloths	0	16	0
4 Towels—6 Handkerchiefs	1	16	0
5 Aprons—2¼ pair Stockings	7	15	0
3 Gowns	6	0	0
2 Petticoats—1 Jacket	2	5	0
1 Pair Buckles	0	15	0
1 pair Gloves—Children's Cloathing	2	0	0
1 Looking Glass—2 Basons	0	16	0
2 plates—2 porringers	0	6	0
2 Quart pots—1 punch Bowle	0	18	0
	£50	0	10

Cromell Child, Caleb Child & Moses Turner's Loss as apprised by Samuel Pearse and Shubel Kinnecutt on the 24th of Dec. 1778 £8450 18 8

Lawful Paper Money which Consolidated at 6 &½ for one. (The fraction is hardly legible. It may not be ½.)	1300	0	0
Allin Cole's Loss as per Bill	18	4	0
Sylvester Childs Loss as per Bill	190	1	0
The Damage Done the Other Half of the Gen. Stark, Privateer, not Charged in any bill before	112	10	0

James Child's Loss

Two Beds—four Blankets	£10	10	0
Four pair Sheets—Six pewter plates	3	7	0
4 Pewter Porringers—one Copper Tea kittle	1	9	6
1 Coat—three Jacketts	4	16	0
Shirts—three Silk Handkerchiffs	2	5	0
2 Shifts—five Children's Shirts	2	17	0
5 Children's Gowns—2 pair shoes	2	5	0
1 Frying Pan—one Warming Pan	1	5	0
3 Pewter Platters—one Looking Glass	0	18	0
15 pounds Candles—20 pounds Beef	0	17	0
30 lbs. Pork—three lbs. Sugar	0	17	3
2 lbs. Coffee—one Barrel Soap	1	0	6
½ Bushel Meal	0	1	6
1 Silk Cloak—five yds. silk	3	14	0
6 yards Hollon—thirty skeins yarn	2	10	0
4 yards Drab—six yds. Toe Cloth	1	18	0
1 Bonnet—Two Pewter Basons	0	16	0
1 Quart Pot—one pint Ditto	0	9	0
1 Milk Kittle—one Coffe Pot	0	11	0
1 Bowle—one Earthen platter	0	8	0
9 Earthen Plates—one Tea Pot	0	10	0
15 Pewter Spoons—3 Earthen Tea pots	0	9	3
1 Sett Tea Cups & Saucer	0	3	0
6 Bowls for Coffe	0	4	6
8 Case Bottles—18 Round Ditto	0	11	8
1 Case knives & forks	0	8	0
Razors—one yarn Coverlid	1	7	0
2 Lawn Aprons—Baby's Clothes	1	18	0
	£60	19	8
Richard Halle's Loss as pr. Bill	£9	17	0

James Busher's Loss.

54 Squares Glass	£1	17	6
Other Damage to the House	3	0	0
	£4	17	6

John Hardin's Loss.

1 Pair Pillow Cases	£0	4	0
1 Bed	3	15	0
1 Calico Gown	3	0	0
1 Pair Stays	1	4	6
1 Velvet Jacket	2	0	0
1 Tea Pot—half Barrel pork	3	8	0
	£13	11	0
Barnard Salisbury's Loss	£95	10	0
Rufus Burton's Loss	£9	9	6
Caleb Carr's Loss	5	17	0

Rev'd Charles Thompson's Loss.

Saddle and curb bridle just bought	£3	0	0
Two Bever Hatts, one wore a little the other not wore	4	0	0
Pair of new father Boots of the first rate	2	2	0
Two new Hollen Shirts and seven new hollen stocks	3	10	0
Three home made shirts half wore	0	15	0
Four pocket handkerchiefs	0	8	0
Twelve pair stockens, all wore some	2	8	0
One flannel gown	0	15	0
Two home made shirts wore some	0	12	0
Two Check aprons	0	8	0
One lawn henkerchief	0	5	0
Four lawn and cambric caps	0	9	0
Two pair stockens	0	6	0
Pair cloth shoes	0	5	0
Children's cloaths, the whole I judge at the lowest computation could not be less than	3	00	0
Baby things to the amount of	1	10	0
2 yds and ¼ of linning	0	11	0
1 yd of home made broad cloth	0	06	0
2 yds ticking	0	06	0
Five pair sheets half wore	5	00	0
Two pair pillow cases	0	09	0
Two table cloaths, one coarsey, the other Diaper	0	18	0
Four cersy towels	0	08	0
Two cases of knives, and forks	0	08	0
One Dozen of Mettle Spoons	0	09	0
Four pewter porringers	0	06	0
One Quart bason	0	04	6
One pewter platt	0	01	6
One set of China	0	15	0
Four small Delph boals	0	04	0
Two pairs of common beaker glasses	0	03	0
Warming pan	0	10	5
Large frying pan	0	04	0
One pair of brass candlesticks	0	09	0
One large Iron Dish Kittle	0	12	0
Iron tea Kittle	0	06	0
Two Cedar washing tubs	0	16	0
Milkpail, water pail and canny pail	0	07	2
One Barrel full and firkin half full of sope	1	04	0
Four Cider Barrels almost as good as new	0	12	0
One pounding tub with 160 weight of beef	3	12	0
One pounding tub with 180 weight of pork	6	00	0
Two bushels of indian and one of rye meal	0	09	0
Flower perhaps not more than 14 weight	0	06	0
Three chieses about eight pounds each	0	16	0
Three pounds of butter	0	03	0
A firken with six pounds of hogs fat	0	06	0
Six pounds of candles	0	06	0
A new cider firkin with 30 weight of shuger	1	02	0
Coffee twelve pounds	0	14	0
Fifty weight of flax	2	00	0
Eight pounds of wool	0	00	0
Pair Cotton Cards	0	05	9
Two common cheirs	0	06	0
Beadstead and whale shew cord	1	04	0
Two large brown stone pots	0	08	0
One large white stone pot for butter	0	04	0
One Dozen chunk bottles	0	09	0
Cloaths brush, barth brush and flore brush	0	09	0
Six milk pans 4 quarts apeace	0	04	0
Two gunn gugs	0	01	0
One black gug held 3 quarts	0	01	2
Two earthen pots	0	01	6
Bread trough common size	0	06	0
Paire of seal skin saddle bags	0	18	0
Two large cloaths baskets	0	06	0
One Iron candlestick and pair of snuffers	0	04	0
One coard of wood	1	00	0
Barrel of sand	0	04	0
Pair of steel spurs	0	08	0
Four flower barrels	0	06	0
	£67	14	8

The Rev'd Erasmus Kelly lost almost all his Furniture which Cannot be Estimated at less than	£00	0	0
Job Miller's Loss	180	6	0
Caleb Salisbury's loss	12	0	0
Mary Tiid's Loss	11	10	0
Total Loss	£12,101	17	3

The above "Account" possesses a value outside of its demonstrating to us how severely Warren was affected by this unexpected attack of the enemy. It preserves the names of many of the old-time citizens of the village, and affords accurate information regarding household utensils, articles of wearing apparel, etc., in use at the Revolutionary period.—V. B.

QUERIES.

0509. MASON—Charles Mason, son of Benjamin and Ann, was born in Freetown, Mass., Sept. 18, 1760, married Rebecca Nichols, of John and Ann (Fish) Nichols. She was born at Bedford, N. Y. May 10, 1777, according to an entry in a Mason family Bible. Could this be an error and might she have been of Bedford, Mass.? Would like maiden name of Ann, wife of Benjamin Mason, and ancestry of Ann Fish, wife of John Nichols.—M. N.

0510. LINDLEY. LINDSAY—I am looking for the ancestry of Polly Lindley, who married Ambrose Peck of Swansea, Mass. Could she have been Mary Lindsay? Can any one tell me whom Mary, second child of Christopher Lindsay, married?—A. C. M.

0211. SHEFFIELD. CHAMBERLAIN—Can G. A. M. give the names of William Chamberlain's children? Evidently William Chamberlain of Hull, Mary Chamberlain who married Nathaniel Sheffield, and Benjamin whose stone is found in Golden Hill Burying Ground were brothers and sister. Were there others? Also, whom did William marry? What were his dates? Was Benjamin ever married?—A. C. M.

0512. MILLER—Benjamin Mason, born Sept. 4, or 19, 1739, was son of Charles Mason and Keziah Miller What was her ancestry?—M. N.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATRIX.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Administratrix on the estate of her former mother, HARRIET N. WARD, Widow, late of said Middletown, deceased; that she has given bond to said Court, as required, and is now duly qualified to act as such Administratrix.

All persons having claims against the estate of said Harriet N. Ward are hereby notified to file the same in the Office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

SARAH M. WARD,
Administratrix.
Middletown, R. I., Oct. 20, 1907—10-26-1w

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

Hiram P. McIntosh, one of the oldest customs collectors in the service, died at his home at Newburyport, Mass., aged 77. He was a member of several fraternal organizations.

Obediah B. Hadwen, president of the Massachusetts Horticultural society and widely known also as a pomologist, died at his home at Worcester, Mass., aged 83. He had been for over half a century one of the leading farmers of central Massachusetts.

At a meeting of the Salem, Mass., common council a committee was appointed to investigate the commission system of city government for Salem.

The stockholders of the Casco Bay and Harpswell (Me.) Steamboat companies voted in favor of the consolidation of the two lines, the change taking effect Nov. 1.

During a fire at the home of Fred E. Sharkey at West Hartford, Vt., Mrs. Sharkey, aged 35, dropped dead from heart disease.

Pierre Poullior, a carpenter, 63 years old, was killed by falling from a staging on which he was working at Fall River, Mass.

There have been numerous recent thefts from the rooms of young women students at Wheaton seminary, Norton, Mass. The principal of the school is making an investigation.

William Burton, 10 years old, was struck and probably fatally hurt by an automobile, driven by its owner, Augustus A. Hennessey, at Wakefield, Mass.

Rev. William E. Noyes, for 12 years missionary agent of the New England Little Wanderers' home in Boston, is dead. He was born at Abington, Mass., 79 years ago.

James Whitcomb of Merrill, Me., was thrown out of his wagon and killed. His horse became frightened and ran away.

It is estimated that the Maine potato crop this year will amount to about 10,000,000 bushels, or two-thirds of that of last year.

To Ireland and Back in Five Minutes

Glace Bay, C. B., Oct. 24.—At a public demonstration given at the Marconi telegraph station a message was sent from here to Clifden, Ire., and a reply was received in five minutes. Independent persons were stationed at both ends, and the accuracy of the text was confirmed by cable. Marconi states that the local station is transmitting about 3000 words a day to Ireland.

NEWPORT.

7. FOR SALE:

Large House, Bliss Road. Terms Easy.

W. G. PECKHAM,
Westfield, N. J.

8. FOR SALE:

Brooks Ave. lots, 90 per cent. mortgage.

W. G. PECKHAM, Owner,
Westfield, N. J.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

Poll Tax Notice.

ALL VOTERS who have not been assessed a tax on either real or personal estate have been assessed a Poll Tax of $1, and are hereby notified to call at the office (or send by mail) and pay the same between October 16 and November 15.

The office is open daily from 10:30 a. m. to 1:00 p. m., and on Saturday evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Chapter 900, Sec. 1 of 1890, and Chap. 47, Sec. 9 of 1896, provide as follows:

If any person against whom a tax is assessed in accordance with the provisions of this chapter shall refuse or neglect to pay the same for thirty days after the same is due, the collector of taxes shall demand the same of such persons with twenty-five cents for the cost of such demand; and if any such person upon whom demand is made as aforesaid shall neglect or refuse to pay such tax, together with the cost of making such demand, within five days after the date of such demand, then the collector of taxes shall, unless said tax has been remitted as is herein before provided, levy upon the body of said person and commit him to jail in the county of Providence, there to remain until he shall pay such tax and all legal costs, including cost of making the demand aforesaid, or be discharged therefrom in due course of law.

The Supreme Court of the State has recently rendered an opinion sustaining this law in every particular.

H. W. COZZENS, Collector of Taxes,
Room 10, City Hall.
Newport, R. I., Oct. 12, 1907—10-19-1w

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Newport, August 16th, A. D. 1907.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 3488, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the tenth day of August, A. D. 1907, and returnable to the said Court November tenth, A. D. 1907, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the fourth day of June, A. D. 1907, in favor of Charles F. Bigelow, of Providence, in Rhode Island, plaintiff, and against Herbert Wicker alias John Doe, of Lowell, in Massachusetts, defendant, I have this day at 20 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Herbert Wicker alias, had on the 23d day of March, A. D. 1907, at 50 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in the town of Portsmouth, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the Southwest corner of lot No. 34, on plan of Island Park annex, thence running Southerly by Gerry Street, 60 feet; thence running Easterly to high water mark in arm of Seaconnet River; thence by high water mark to Southeast corner of said lot No. 34; thence Westerly 22 21-100 feet to point of beginning, and being the northerly half of lot No. 34, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 13th day of November, A. D. 1907, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK L. DEBLOIS,
Deputy Sheriff.
10-19-1w

Drawing to a Close.

OUR TWELFTH ANNUAL SALE OF

RENTED PIANOS WILL CLOSE

THURSDAY, OCT. 31, 1907.

On any pianos remaining the price will be sharply advanced. To those who have put off the buying, we would urge haste, for if you want to take advantage of this great money saving sale you must buy before Nov. first. This sale will go on record as one of the most important in our business history, both from the large saving in money and the wonderfully fine condition of every instrument. We cannot too strongly impress those who have not as yet taken advantage of this opportunity to

COME TO-DAY. ATTEND TO THIS AT ONCE, DON'T DELAY.

While a large number of pianos have been sold, we have a limited number of pianos on which the price has been so deeply reduced that it will INTEREST YOU. Think of buying a STEINWAY, HUME, JEWETT, SHONINGER, WOODBURY, that looks as good, sounds as good, and is

AS GOOD AS THE DAY IT WAS MADE,

At a discount of from $40.00 to $150.00, simply because it has been used in the home of some of our summer residents for the whole or a part of the past summer! Can you save money or make money any faster? Every piano sold is FULLY GUARANTEED, and warranted to be exactly as represented. Most easy terms of payment cheerfully offered, or if you want to pay cash we will make it worth your while. If you are not ready to buy come and see these pianos just the same.

Remember the pianos offered in this sale cannot be bought at the price now asked after October 31, if any remain unsold.

Barney's Music Store,

154 THAMES STREET.

AN EASY THING.

Got one at your home? Then there's a screw loose somewhere. You're lacking one of the greatest good nature producers ever invented. Even father forgets all the troubles and vexations of the day—forgets there ever was anything but cosy, happy home, when he gets stretched out in his big comfortable Morris Chair.

A Morris Chair.

Its great broad arms, the soft spring seat, the accommodating back that holds you just where and as you like—all go to make the Morris Chair the ideal comfort or lounging chair. Over 20 patterns here for you to choose from, solid mahogany, mahogany finish or oak—best made Morris Chairs going, and beautifully designed. Don't lose another evening's peace and comfort. Get it now—complete with best cushions, from

$6.25

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, - NEWPORT, R. I.

We believe that many of the business people of Newport are coming to the conclusion to boom Newport, either as a summer resort or as an ideal site for manufacturing concerns, employing high class labor.

Nature had largely given us the summer colony business, the revenue from the U. S. Government, the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, and the fishing business.

We believe that the business people of the City are now ready to work for the community's interest on broad, intelligent lines. If this be true the future prosperity of Newport is assured.

We would advise buying land at once. Buy that the right price, see that it is near the centre of the city, and that it is high and dry, in a good neighborhood and has a view of the ocean.

We have land which meets all these requirements. It is platted into nice house lots which we can sell you from 3 cents per foot up.

Would be pleased to answer inquiries. Tel. 5

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS, Newport, R. I.

Cold Weather

will soon be here. Make things easier for the folks at home by providing them with the advantages of telephone service.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE,
NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET

General Secretary A. H. Dadmun of the Young Men's Christian Association has tendered his resignation to the board of directors of that institution, to take effect November 10. Mr. Dadmun has been secretary of the local organization for more than four years and has done much good work here. He has a host of friends who will regret his departure. Although he expects to leave Newport before long his family will remain for some little time.

Mr. Charles D. Stark has returned from a visit to California, where he visited his son, Charles D. Stark, Jr., who is interested in the gold mines there.

Mrs. James Williams and Miss Margaret Williams have returned from a visit to New York and Long Island.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

To the HEIRS of HENRY McGEE, to the HEIRS of SAMUEL HUNT, to FREDERICK HUNT and all other persons interested in the premises:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by the said Henry McGee to the Island Savings Bank, dated March 20th A. D. 1896, and recorded with Tiverton, R. I. Registry of Deeds, book 38, page 457, and duly assigned by said Island Savings Bank to Mary A. DeBlois, by assignment dated March 15th, 1901, and recorded with Tiverton, R. I., Mortgaged Land Evidence, book 2, page 65, and for breach of the conditions of said Mortgage Deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold by public auction on the premises on

MONDAY, November 4th, 1907,

at 10 o'clock a. m., the premises described in said Mortgage Deed as follows, viz.:

A certain tract of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in the town of Tiverton, County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Beginning at the Northwesterly corner of the lot to be described; thence Easterly by the Four Rod Way, so-called, sixty (60) feet to land now or formerly of the Shove Mills; thence Southerly by land now or formerly of the Shove Mills, ninety (90) feet to other land now or formerly of said Shove Mills; thence Westerly by said last named land, sixty (60) feet to Clement street, and thence Northerly by said Clement street, ninety (90) feet to the point of beginning and containing nineteen and 78-100 (19.78) rods of land, more or less, and is lot No. 1 in section "C" on plan of land surveyed by Benjamin C. Borden, for the Shove Mills, said plan being on file in the Town Clerk's Office, Tiverton, R. I., and being the same premises conveyed to me by deed of William B. M. Chace and William H. Pierce, dated March 19th, 1896, to be recorded herewith.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes.

Terms at sale.

MARY A. DEBLOIS,
Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
10-12-4w

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, executed by John M. Hodgson, of the City of Newport, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, to the Island Savings Bank, a corporation created by law and located in the City and County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, bearing date November 9th, A. D. 1897, and recorded in Mortgages Land Evidence of said Newport, Vol. 32 at pages 300 and 301, there having been default of the performance and of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed:

There will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, in the said City of Newport, on MONDAY, November 4th, 1907, at 12 o'clock noon, all that certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport and bounded and described as follows, viz.: Westerly, on Bellevue avenue, one hundred twenty-five feet and five-tenths of a foot (125.5); Easterly, on land now or formerly of Charles F. Lyman, two hundred and forty-nine (249) feet, then Northerly, on land formerly of Charles Lyman, deceased, one hundred and twenty (120) feet, then Westerly again, on land now or formerly of Orray T. Knight, one hundred twenty-four feet and five-tenths of a foot (124.5), and then Northerly, on said last mentioned land of Knight, one hundred eighty-six feet and three-tenths of a foot (186.3); Southerly, on Lettoy avenue, three hundred twenty feet and two-tenths of a foot (320.2), be said measurements more or less.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of its intention to bid at said sale.

THE ISLAND SAVINGS BANK,
by GEORGE H. PROUD.
Newport, R. I., Oct. 11, 1907—10-12-1w

CARR'S LIST.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE.
By Edith Wharton.

The Romance of an Old-Fashioned Gentleman,
By F. Hopkinson Smith.

The Story of a Football Season,
By George H. Brooks (coach).

The Stooping Lady,
By M. Hewlett.

CARR'S,

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.